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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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The Mirror.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

CONTENTS.

REFLECTIONS: Decadent and Unwholesome—William and Theodore—Penny-Wise—Hubbard for President—The Mayor's Pretty Politics—Women Doctors—The Merchants' Exchange's New President—Goose Fleshiness—Don't Know—St. Louis Taxes—Penny Postage—Interstate Commerce Commission—Approving the President—The Negro and the Farm—Folly About Forms—Eugene Field—Jerome—Bunching Public Enterprise—Telephone Consolidation—Popular Election of Senators—Lebaudy's Gift—"Teddy"—What's Wrong?—Against Children—de Blowitz—Business—Willie's Prosperity—Zionism—Language—Kipling—Good Work—Good Ad—Tonic Selections—Jeering the Shaws—Bad Failures.....	1-5
MESSAGE: Poem. By Victor J. Daley.....	5
A GREAT SLAV AUTHOR: By George French.....	5
WASHINGTON: The Philippine Tariff—De Armond—Champ Clark—Perniciously Active Benton. By Asbestos.....	6-7
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL: By John H. Raftery.....	7-8
D. R. F.: Missouri's Favorite Son From an Eastern Viewpoint.....	8
THE ROSE OF FLAME: Poem. By Fiona McLeod.....	8
THE FAVORABLE BALANCE FAKE: By Francis A. Huter.....	8
LITERATOORALOORAL: Yellow Boston—Platt and White. By Percival Pollard.....	9
MADELEINE: Story, By Frank A. Beckars.....	9
FOR SUPREME JUDGES: By the Committeeman.....	10
A POLITICAL EPISODE.....	10
SOCIETY.....	11
THE ORIGIN OF WOMAN.....	11
NEW BOOKS: Brief Reviews.....	12
THE GREAT DEAD OF 1901.....	12
WORDS FROM MAYOR WELLS.....	13
THEATRICALS: Irving and Terry—Kathryn Kidder—Coming Attractions.....	14
REPRINTED BY REQUEST: The Boy Corps at Newmarket—Defiance.....	15
MUSIC: Weil at the Odeon—Josef Hofmann.....	15
HER INTUITION.....	15
JUDGE LYNCH.....	16-17
A SOCIETY CATECHISM: By W. J. Lampton.....	17
THE STOCK MARKET.....	18-19
A WIDOWER'S DIARY: By S. E. Kiser.....	20
IRVING'S "CHARLES I.".....	21
THE KAISER'S CLOTHES.....	21
A SIDE LIGHT ON WAGNER.....	22
THE POODLE.....	24
LOVE'S MATHEMATICS.....	24

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

M R. ERNEST MCGAFFEY'S volume, "SONNETS TO A WIFE," has run through its first edition. There are very few copies remaining unsold. A second edition will be run off in the next fortnight. The fact that the first edition has been exhausted has sent copies to a premium. Therefore, each volume in the next issue will be plainly marked "second edition" to prevent frauds upon collectors of "firsts." The second edition will be a reproduction of the first, with some minor corrections by Mr. McGaffey.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

LATER this month the issues of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS for November and December will be published. The January number will follow immediately, and the February issue will be out on time. The series for 1902 will be especially interesting in that it will contain more original matter among the essays, and less reproductions from the MIRROR.

REFLECTIONS.

Decadent and Unwholesome

THE efficient and discriminative book-booster of the St. Louis Republic's literary page said, last Saturday, concerning "The Imitator," that the novel is "decadent in style" and has "an unwholesome atmosphere." *De gustibus non est disputandum*, but "The Imitator" is a key-novel and there is not an incident narrated in its pages that has not been described at length in the Republic and other reputable papers many times. The individuals of celebrity or notoriety satirized in "The Imitator" have been written in the daily papers as doing just the absurdly vicious things that are described so artfully in the novel. On the theory that Harry Lehr, of the 400 is the Reggie Hart of the novel, whose antics offend the Republic's book-booster, what justification has that or any other paper to condemn the novel? Has not the Republic and every other paper described the doings of Harry Lehr, from his wearing of bracelets and flesh colored tights to his "daring" a belle to wade into a fountain basin, many times? If Richard Mansfield be the Arthur Wantage, of "The Imitator" what is wrong with the artistic treatment in fiction of an individual and his eccentricities when his individuality and eccentricity have been discussed in the newspapers thousands of times? If "The Imitator's" satirical character-studies are "decadent" and "unwholesome" what is to be said of the newspaper accounts of such characters in all their actual "queerness?" The Republic would not say that Harry Lehr is "decadent," or that Richard Mansfield is "unwholesome." The same paper says that the novel in question does not give a true picture of some phases of New York society. There is nothing in the novel, except the artistry of the treatment, that has not been described over and over again in the journal that finds so much fault. "The Imitator" treats of the subjects it handles without any expressed admiration for the persons and doings described. On the contrary, it is a tremendous indictment of the drift of the swell set. The Republic's book-booster is not obliged to approve of the books published from the MIRROR office, but he should condemn them, if at all, for faults that are not found in the news columns of his own paper. "The Imitator" is not a Sunday-School book. It is a close study and a ruthless analysis of the things in the swell set that are made public in the daily press. Any person who will read "The Imitator" will say that it tells nothing but the truth, and,

furthermore, that it is a vivid warning against the degeneration recently manifesting itself in the idle, wealthy, "smart" circles of this country's metropolis.

William and Theodore

A GREAT many people in the world see a marked resemblance between Emperor William of Germany and Theodore Roosevelt. The Kaiser spoke in eighteen different languages to the delegations that called upon him on New Year's day. The President speaks French, German, Spanish, learned in Cuba, Irish, acquired through association with the New York police, and several Indian dialects picked up in the West. William T. Stead has christened the Kaiser's dominant characteristic as "demonic force." Theodore Roosevelt will be known for all time as the advocate of "the strenuous life." The Kaiser is a musician. His song, "Sang an Aegir," has had an enormous sale. The violin is his favorite instrument, although it would surprise nobody to see him take any part in an orchestra. The President "learned" the jewsharp and the harmonica as a New York boy, the banjo at Harvard College, and on Christmas day he did a cakewalk for his children in the White House to a burst of rag time, "patting juba" for others at the close of his own performance. As a theologian, the Kaiser is no less known. He has published a volume of sermons preached to the sailors on his yacht and has given a copy to the Pope. The President is a theologian, too, belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church. Not long ago he ordered out of the White House a Boston clergyman who, protesting against the Deistic tone of the Thanksgiving proclamation, asked him "if he was afraid to stand up for Christ." The Hohenzollern yacht is decorated with paintings done by its royal owner, and three years ago he offered to paint three marine views for the British royal yacht. Being a painter, he is necessarily an art critic. Only last month he gave a dinner to painters and sculptors and discussed his theories with them. They combated vigorously his views as to naturalism. President Roosevelt is enough of an artist to appreciate Punch's cartoon of himself as a Rough Rider and to send over to England and buy it for his posterity for a good round sum. As a dramatist the Emperor has collaborated with an officer in the army. "The Iron Tooth" was their first production. A year or so ago he made another venture in "Alderflug," and personally superintended the rehearsals. President Roosevelt has never written a play, but he knows a good play when he sees it and he may take a notion any day to dictate a five-act drama to five simultaneously hustling stenographers. The Emperor hunts; so does the President; but the President doesn't sit in a chair with his gun on a rest and have the game driven up to the gun's muzzle. He goes out and roughs it after the cougars, the bears and the elk and moose. The Kaiser is a yachtsman. The President is not, but he could be if he wished. Nautically he is all right, for he was a most efficient Assistant Secretary of the Navy and was largely responsible for Dewey's being where he was most useful on May 1st, 1898. The Kaiser is a great traveler. The President has done his share of traveling, too. The Emperor is an authority on trade. Read President Roosevelt's message and see how he handles the subject. The Kaiser is sharp-spoken. So is the President. Both have sympathies reaching beyond the limits of their position. The Kaiser has advocated socialism. The President once made himself famous by speaking of the "wealthy criminal classes." Both men are interested in anything that is human. Both men are fond of children and dogs and horses. Both men believe in the mightiness of youth, and both are insistent upon the most fervent patriotism. The President

has seen fighting. He has written histories and essays, and, in his youth, poetry. The President has slumped it "incog" in New York, as the Kaiser has in Berlin. The Kaiser is not less a college crank than the President. Each loves the university life. Each is as tirelessly and multifariously energetic as the other. Each has a penchant for "littery fellers." Each has a reputation for flightiness that doesn't pan out in an analysis of his acts. Each man gets fun out of his position and each is impatient of much wordiness of talk. Each is the despair of the extra conservative elements in the country, but the admiration of all the younger people. Each has the gift of never letting himself be forgotten. The Emperor, however, doesn't possess the President's sense of humor, and the former would have thrown Dooley Dunne into a dungeon for doing to him anything one-thousandth part as searchingly critical as "Alone in Cuba." The men are undoubtedly much alike. They admire one another quite cordially.

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Penny Wise

THE World's Fair Executive Committee needed eight dollars' worth of postage stamps one day last week. A member said promptly: "Call a messenger and send out for some." Then came the crushing reply: "No, let us advertise for bids to supply those stamps." Bids have been received on work the boldest estimate for which was seventeen dollars. That is the way we are going to stagger the world with our stupendous show. The World's Fair is going to be the greatest the earth ever saw. Can't you tell it from these tactics? The main object is to get back 40 per cent on the subscriptions. If the penurious policy is to be followed it is much to be feared that the result will not bring the millions to see the show. Penny wise is always pound foolish.

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Hubbard for President

WHILE the flabbergasted Democracy is casting about for an available candidate for President in 1904, it is strange that they do not feel the vibrations emanating from East Aurora. What is the matter with Elbert Hubbard, for President? His philosophy will fit into the platform all right. He is an altruist but not against the dollar. He is a philosopher and a business man. He has a face that would, in countless reproductions, lift the campaign banner into the region of soulful art. His personal organ, the *Philistine*, has a larger circulation than the *Commoner*. He looks enough like Mr. Bryan to make it easy for Bryan enthusiasts to rally 'round him enthusiastically. Mr. Elbert Hubbard is an ideal candidate for the Democracy. It is a wonder no one thought of this before—not even Mr. Hubbard. What a man he is! As wise as Gorman, as fond as Bryan; as cunning as Hill, as simple as good old Horace Boies; as blustrious as Tom Johnson, as mild as Mrs. Pinkham. Elbert Hubbard is the one man the Democracy can oppose to the Rough Rider. Hubbard is a horse-fancier, with *David Harum's* skill in horse-trading permeating his soulfulness and manifesting itself in gumption extraordinary. He believes in free trade, free Filipinos, free lunch, free love, inductively, free everything but free hair cuts. Why not nominate him and elect him "on suspicion?" If the Democrats cannot elect Hubbard they cannot elect anybody.

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The Mayor's Pretty Politics

THE politics of the big howl against the St. Louis Transit Company is "perfectly beautiful" and the outcome demonstrates that the hitherto invincible Col. Edward Butler "is up against the real thing now" and will soon have to retire from politics. Col. Butler, casting about for something to strengthen him against the fight made upon him by Mr. Hawes, of the Jefferson Club, in behalf of a free-hand for the Administration and for the elimination of gamblers and dive-keepers in politics, sought out his ally, Lee Meriwether, whom he had used to elect the unspeakable Ziegenhein in 1897. Mr. Meriwether is for municipal ownership of street railways. Here was an opportunity to stir up a row against the Transit Company's poor service, that could

be protracted for a long time, and then used to put a municipal ownership ticket in the field, in combination with the Republicans, next November. Making the issue against the Transit Company would result in a municipal ownership uprising. It would keep alive the feeling generated in the street car strike of the summer of 1900, and would keep together the 35,000 votes that Meriwether polled in April, 1901, to swing them against the Jefferson Club ticket. The scheme would work out because Mayor Wells was a corporation man and a wealthy man, and, therefore, would not act in any way against the company. If he did act against the company, it would prevent the Hawes people getting money from the corporations. Col. Butler had the campaign figured out to a glorious finish for himself. But Mayor Wells fooled him. The Mayor met the matter squarely and acted in such a manner that he not only annihilated the well-prepared accusation that he would do nothing for the public interest against the corporations, but declared himself in a way to which not even the most rabid plutophile could object. The Mayor's street car message was temperate, and it undoubtedly checked the tendency to violence, while it brought from President Carleton, of the Transit Company, a reply that appealed to the popular sense of fair-play. The municipal ownership scream against a corporation Mayor was strangled nicely. The Mayor also dodged all demagoguery and thus assured the capitalistic element that there was no danger that he would encourage violence. The scheme of Col. Butler and the municipal ownership people was beautifully frustrated. More than all this, however, was the play against Col. Butler a "knock out" to his prestige. Col. Butler began negotiating a reorganization of the House of Delegates just before the Mayor sent in his street car message. Delegate Kelly blew that scheme wide open by informing the public that the Butler scheme of reorganization was designed to prevent any legislation against the Transit Company. This put an end to the reorganization scheme at once, because the constituents of the Delegates would shelve any man who went with Butler against the Mayor on the car-service issue. Col. Butler has been beautifully outgeneraled in his fight by the Mayor and Mr. Hawes. It is nearing the time when the Colonel must retire from politics and "go 'way back and sit down." The young men are to the front and they are "onto the curves" of the Colonel. And the delightful feature of this play in politics is that it satisfies the public, removes the danger that existed of popular feeling rising to such a pitch, under demagogic incitement, that disorder and riot would ensue. The Mayor is the Mayor for the city's interests. His action in this matter has been at the same time good politics and good citizenship.

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Women Doctors

HERE'S a blow at the women who think they're as good as the men at anything or everything. The Northwestern University, at Chicago, has shut down its woman's medical school, and seventy-one students have to seek a medical education elsewhere. After thirty-two years' trial the trustees of the University say women are not a success as doctors; that there is no demand for women physicians, and that medical co-education is a failure. The school is to be abolished and the property sold. "We have run the woman's medical school at a loss of \$25,000 a year," said Trustee Raymond. "Women cannot grasp chemical laboratory work, or the intricacies of surgery. Fifteen years ago the graduating class of men and women gave us a memorial saying co-education was a failure. Then we conducted the college exclusively for women and it has been a worse failure." Can this be true? When Sonya Kovalevsky could master the higher mathematics, and Maria Mitchell the intricacies of astronomy, is it possible that women should fail to master chemistry and surgery? Why cannot woman master chemical formulæ, when she can carry in her head for years a recipe for a cake with fifty or a salad with twenty ingredients? Why can't the hands of women that are so soothing in nursing and in dressing wounds be trained to the delicate needs of surgery? They can cut

a dress out of a bolt of cloth according to a diagram that no man can understand, and it is strange that they can't wield the knife in surgery as well as the scissors in dress-cutting. There may be no demand for women physicians, and this is probably true, since it is a notorious fact that midwives are disappearing from the face of the land, but that should not prevent a woman learning medicine and surgery if she should set her mind to it. That women are too tender-hearted to be surgeons may be partially true, but we have a poet's word for it that women whom we love are sometimes crueler than "hatred or hunger or death." There is no news in saying that women have, in many a crisis, just as much sheer, cold nerve as men, and so there is no absolute bar to their success in surgery on that score. If women cannot grasp chemical laboratory work, how is it that there have been many women who have become successful druggists? Many of us have had experiences in which we have found trained nurses to be capable of the tensest strain of performing a surgical operation. Of course, when an institution has tried for thirty-two years to make women doctors and then concludes it has been trying in vain, we must accept the decision that it cannot be done, as the voice of experience. Nevertheless, there must be a reason for it, and the world would like to know it. There are women doctors, however, in nearly all the great cities of this country and Europe. Are they freaks?

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The Merchants' Exchange's New President

NEW St. Louis has arrived surely in the unanimous election of Mr. George J. Tansey to the Presidency of the Merchants' Exchange supported by a fine array of minor officers and directors of the same purposes and sympathies. Mr. Tansey is about thirty-six years old. He is a college man, has been a lawyer, is now a prominent figure in the local transportation situation. He is, probably, as widely read as any man in St. Louis, and he adds to that fine feeling for the right, true, beautiful thing that we call culture, the best quality of common sense possessed by any man whom it was ever the lot of the editor of the MIRROR to know. Mr. Tansey is not impetuously iconoclastic against the things which he finds in the world about him. Neither is he ultra-conservative. He takes things as they are and makes the best of them, and his philosophy is to do all the good you can all the time, everywhere, and make no fuss about it in the doing. He doesn't have to be told he is needed in the breach. He is always there when duty or friendship needs him. He is as matter-of-fact as Ben Franklin, and as gently poetic as Charles Lamb. He is a just man, more rigorous in his judgments of himself than of others. His intellect is clear and unobscured by prejudice, and his youth is finely tempered by the continuous adherence of the man to the doctrine that the man who conquers himself is greater than he who taketh a city. Mr. Tansey stands to-day in the office in which his father stood, not so many years ago, and his father, Robert P. Tansey, was just such a blend of the cultured gentleman and the man of affairs that the son is to-day, was similarly strong, similarly to be depended upon for the right thing, similarly evocative of the affection of all sorts and conditions of men, and that without seeking to win favor by any pretense. When Mr. George Tansey was nominated, the other day, and spoke to the theme of New St. Louis, he said a wise, true thing. He said that no one subscribed more sincerely than he to the doctrine of the New St. Louis, but he wished to be understood that he was for the New St. Louis conditioned on the proposition that such an attitude did not involve turning our backs upon the things that were of the highest worth in old St. Louis. He spoke for the new ideas in so far as they were the development of the ideas that made St. Louis, in the past, the solid city, the honest city, the city that demanded men of deeds rather than windy words. He applauded the new ideas, but he would not have the people forget the fine old traditions that held on to the eternal substantialities of character in business and looked with disdain upon the mere frenzy of flash and jumping-jack transactions. The

New St. Louis must be the Old St. Louis spirit awakened; it must be the re-incarnated spirit of the men who built a city here against which the waves of panic have so often dashed themselves in vain. These ideas of Mr. Tansey's are the ideas that we must all settle down to in the end. They are the ideas that will save us from turning the solid city into a wind-bag city. Their enforcement by Mr. Tansey, as President of the Merchants' Exchange, will do much to keep us sanely resistant to the temptation to boom things beyond all reason. His policy of progressiveness without forgetting the past is worth all the prophetic rhodomontade of an hundred banquet boards. When the President of the city's most powerful commercial body stands forth for this happy mean between the frenetic forwards and the fossilized pull-backs of the community, we may confidently assure ourselves that the city is not going to be swept into folly by inflationist speculators upon a manufactured and meretricious optimism. The MIRROR in congratulating Mr. Tansey upon his accession to such an important office also congratulates the city upon such evidence of determination not to forget the past in overwrought anticipations of the future.

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Goose Fleshliness

UP in Chicago Mr. John Stapleton Cowley-Brown has resumed the publication of an unique magazine which he calls the *Goose Quill*. It is a publication to cause goose-flesh on the conventional reader. It has the most bizarre, outre, almost brutal cover-designs, cartoons mordantly virulent, articles of criticism that are fiendishly frank on any or all subjects, poetry that for sensuality makes the verse of Swinburne pale and anæmic by comparison. It is Mr. Cowley-Brown's delight to reproduce such poems as Swinburne's terrible but true "Before a Crucifix," and such essays as Buchanan's flaying of Rossetti in "The Fleshly School of Poetry." The *Goose Quill* "goes in for the gospel of intensity," but it goes in too far in publishing the remarkable lupanar lyrics in the December number signed "A. S." There have been publications in London and Paris that succeeded by doing that sort of thing, but it will not make a "hit" in the United States. It may be said that the poems signed "A. S." are fine of their kind, but they are not as fine as Rossetti's celebrated "Jenny" and no publication of the periodical order could reproduce that masterpiece of Paphian philosophy and certainly no great number of persons will care to accept a publication that prints for decorative cover a symbolization of those lines from the "History of Civilization" to the effect that the lewd women of the cities are "priestesses of humanity blasted for the sins of mankind." Chicago, however, may be a law unto itself in these matters and the strenuous decadence of the *Goose Quill* may be just what is needed in that community, but the rest of the country, in the MIRROR's opinion, if it wants such literature at all, wants it in some form in which it is not likely to come into the hands of the young and innocent. Mr. Cowley-Brown may believe in Truth for Truth's sake and Art for Art's sake, and undoubtedly his recondite resurrections of "warm" literary curios may have value as showing the world of to-day a literature that is apt to be forgotten in the reign of the namby-pamby in our magazines, but if the *Goose Quill* is to circulate at all as a periodical it should circulate only among those who can present affidavits that they are at least over thirty years of age. There is no doubt that much of our literature is emasculate, but there is a suspicion that the *Goose Quill*'s masculateness leans just a shade too much towards a slightly effeminate exaggeration of the conception of masculateness. The MIRROR is not squeamish, by any means, but it believes that there can be too much of the sort of frankness that the *Goose Quill* stands for. It would seem that there is a trend away from the rapid trifling of American literature in some of our magazines judging by a poem on "Margaret of Cortona," by Edith Wharton, in the November *Harper's*, and by a delicious story called "The Harvest," by Jesse Lynch Williams, formerly of St. Louis, in the January *Scribner's*. Miss Wharton's poem excited the resentment of some Catholic readers of *Harper's* because

Margaret of Cortona is a saint of the church and she was treated in the poem as if at the end she came to love more her old, half-forgotten, illicit love than she did her own soul. *Harper's* apologized handsomely for the poem in a later issue. Mr. Williams' story may excite some resentment, too, but though it does deal incidentally with "the other kind of a woman" and turns upon a young man's daylight drunk it must be a nasty-minded person that could resent the treatment in either case, for the little story is, in its total effect, sweet with the sweetness exhalant from a good woman's heart. Mr. Cowley-Brown's *Goose Quill* is interesting and even startling, but the MIRROR doesn't think that its exceeding emphasis on some things of the flesh is the best means of getting virility into our literature. Mr. Cowley-Brown probably would not like Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams' story, referred to above, but Mr. Williams' method is more likely than Mr. Cowley-Brown's to succeed in incorporating in American literature something of the recognition of sin as a factor in life that we have had in American literature but once—in the "Scarlet Letter." Still, when all is said, the evangelist must, almost of necessity, be an extremist, in order to get a hearing, and it may be that the startling, not to say shocking, *Goose Quill* will modify itself somewhat and put a curb upon its passionateness. The MIRROR would not have the faintest shadow of objection to Mr. Cowley-Brown's unique publication, if there were any way to prevent its circulation among girls and boys. To the literary connoisseur and epicure the periodical has interest as getting away from the trite and the soft, but to the ordinary reader the *Goose Quill* may be much worse than a St. Louis vaccine quill loaded with tetanus toxin. "The Fleshly School of Poetry" was bad enough, but Mr. Cowley-Brown's *Goose-fleshly School of Literature* is something that should be taken up only by the intellectually and morally immune.

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Don't Know

PROFESSOR JACQUES LOEB tells us that life is nothing but electricity. Good! Now, will Professor Jacques Loeb tell us what is electricity? Science is simply a progressive discovery that we don't know.

✽ ✽

St. Louis Taxes

THE MIRROR does not believe that this is the time to put more taxes upon the people of St. Louis, for the construction of public buildings or anything else. They are carrying enough as it is, and have recently quite generously accepted burdens for public purposes. The Mayor and other city officials are naturally anxious to find money for the improvement of the city's condition and their zeal is highly commendable. They should try to get some money by cutting down the unnecessary employes that we were told were to be found in the offices during the last administration. They should look to the possibility of increasing revenue by the enforcement of more equitable taxation against great corporations and even some great estates. The fact is glaring that the smaller taxpayer, the man with the home worth from \$1,500 to \$2,500, pays a larger proportion of taxes than is paid by many a large property owner in the center of the city. By appointing honest and honorable assessors of taxes and insisting upon as fair a valuation of property in the heart of the city as in the regions taken up with small homes this city could raise all the money it needs, under the present rate of taxation. The solution of this city's financial difficulties lies in making the big fellows pay their rightful share of taxes. The MIRROR does not believe that low taxes are the great boon that some imagine. Low taxes mean little improvement and progress. But St. Louis taxes are not light. They are heavy and the worst of it is that, hitherto, the people have not got any return for their money. If a proposal to increase taxes in St. Louis would be acceptable from anybody it would be so from Mayor Wells, because the people have faith in him and in his purposes. They feel that they would get a return for their money. Nevertheless, the people are convinced that they are now paying too heavily for things they have paid for in the past and did not get.

It would be unwise to endeavor to put the screws to the people further. Mayor Wells is not afraid of the big fellows. He can raise all the money he may need simply by selecting district assessors of the character that the situation demands, men who can neither be bought nor bulldozed nor confided into favoring the large property owners. Mayor Wells can discover in St. Louis just the same sort of tax-evasion that was discovered in Chicago when two school teachers inaugurated a crusade for better salaries and found out that their salaries in lump could have been paid a thousand times over each year if the big fellows paid their proper proportion of taxes. This city doesn't want a heavier tax. All it needs is an honest assessment and honest collection of the tax now levied upon an honest valuation of the greater property holders. The MIRROR is sure that Mayor Wells has the most upright intentions in this, as in all other matters, and it ventures to oppose his project simply because it believes that Mayor Wells is the man to go after the big property-owners if it can be shown they are tax-dodgers. Let him tackle the tax-dodging question as squarely and boldly as he has tackled every other issue presented thus far and he will not only get the money he needs for the inauguration of New St. Louis, but he will command, in even greater warmth than a present, the respect, esteem and affection of his fellow citizens.

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Penny Postage

THERE is much talk of inaugurating penny postage. Would it not be better to wait until the rural delivery system has been extended to the farthest limits of the Union? Penny postage must come in time, and in a short time, but not until the service reaches practically everybody and not until the abuses of the mails by fake publications and "phoney" advertisers have been abolished.

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Interstate Commerce Commission

PROPOSALS are made that the Interstate Commerce Commission's powers shall be extended to the further regulation of rates of passenger and freight traffic and other details of railway management. This is significant. It is a move, all unsuspected, for the most part, in the direction of Government absorption of the railroads. The Interstate Commerce Commission is an institution regarded by many people as mostly ornamental, but once public opinion sets in in the direction of nationalization of railways, it will be discovered that the Commission is an institution with powers, even now, that may be easily interpreted in to permitting it to take the management of railways out of the hands of their owners. The Interstate Commerce Commission is the greatest possibility in the promotion of Government paternalism. Its drift has been steadily in that direction and the railroad magnates are beginning to find it out. If, as seems likely, the people are in a frame of mind to welcome paternalism they will find in the Interstate Commerce law the means ready to hand for the inauguration of the change.

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Approving the President

It will be observed that public opinion has already veered around and settled down into support of the President's determination to put a stop to the Schley-Sampson controversy. The majority of the people believe that Schley won the battle of Santiago, and upon that opinion the majority opinion of the Court of Inquiry has no more effect than a bread-and-milk poultice upon a wooden leg. The President, it is strongly suspected, agrees with the majority of the people. But the President's action does not affect Schley's standing. It has reference only to preventing disturbances in the army and navy and the maintenance of discipline. The necessity for that, the people at large now recognize. The discussion of the inquiry is dying down in the columns of even the most rabid papers on either side.

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The Negro and the Farm

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON has reiterated his belief that the social and economic salvation of the negro is to be

The Mirror

found in his getting back to the soil, into farming. This will remove him from that contact with the whites which makes for disagreeableness. It will give him occupation in which there will be no conflict with white workers. It will take him away from the cities and from the circumstances that keep him soring whites in positions that are not calculated either to keep alive his own respect or increase that of the white man for him. The negro can probably find his way to the soil in the drift of the whites from the farms to the cities. Thus far the argument of Mr. Washington is all right, but the fact is patent that nothing can be done to make the negro effective on the farm or elsewhere until the negro is so educated as to cultivate in him more moral stamina than he now possesses. The chief fault of the negro is his moral deficiency and that deficiency it is which makes him a dependent upon others. He must be improved in morals before he can be taken out of his excessive gregariousness and segregated on the farm.

Folly About Forms

DISPATCHES in the daily papers about the "sensation" caused by Mrs. Roosevelt's dinner jacket, about "the complications of a serious character" due to some one's being mistakenly assigned the wrong place in the line of those admitted to White House receptions, about the "feud among the Cabinet ladies" because Mrs. Long has not done her entertaining as other ladies thought she should, about a hundred and one petty ceremonial fripperies, are not worth the space that is given to them. The accounts of the incidents are invariably exaggerated. They seem to be narrated in order to cause bad feeling and they are never substantiated by any admission of the parties to the circumstances that there has been a front intended or taken for granted. These trivialities are not even amusing. They misrepresent sensible people. It is noticeable, too, that the papers which exploit them most noisily are exactly the papers that are always yelping about the alleged snobbery of the wealthy and official circles. The newspapers should not annoy the people they write about by creating the impression that persons, especially ladies, who are thrown together frequently, are talking about one another. The newspapers should not unduly exaggerate the importance of "form" in a democracy and try to make a great sensation out of some apparent and generally unintentional lapse from this or that social or ceremonial tradition. Such papers give color to the European theory that the United States is the least democratic country on earth and the Yankees the silliest sticklers for petty distinctions between men and men and women and women.

Eugene Field

SLASON THOMPSON has written a two volume biography of Eugene Field, published by the Scribners. It shows Field as the past-master frivoler of all time, and it also shows that he had a most piquant tendency to "work" his friends. Mr. Slason Thompson has given us a good biography, but surely it is not querulous criticism to remark that there is in it an intolerable deal of Thompson and especially of Thompson paying for Field's food and drink. This biography errs in just the way that Graham Balfour's "Life" of Stevenson went wrong. It pictures a Eugene Field enveloped in a glamour that didn't rest upon the man as he was. A little delving into the biography under the lines reveals the fact that until very near the end Eugene Field was simply a sprite of talent and that he was, outside of the family relation, a curious specimen of selfishness. There is no doubt that Eugene Field was interesting as a perpetual practical joker and a man who saw things in pleasant distortions, but Mr. Slason Thompson is inclined to make his biographee "a chocolate seraph," which Field was most emphatically not.

Jerome

SOME of the Eastern papers and magazines are engaged in an heroic endeavor to make William Travers Jerome, of New York City, a Presidential possibility. The writers for those publications see in Judge Jerome resem-

blances to Cleveland and Roosevelt. The resemblances actually exist, too, but then Mr. Jerome will have to show the country his mettle in higher politics than he has yet essayed in New York, before he can enter the Presidential lists. He has a good, level head; he has a superior quality of backbone; he has no fear of the corruptionists in politics; he has no tendency to play the demagogue; he is not an over-sanguine reformer. It may be that, if his opportunity comes, he will do what Roosevelt has done, but he and we must wait.

Bunching Public Enterprise

IT would be a good idea for the commercial elements of St. Louis to take steps at once to put into effect the suggestions in the speech of the new President of the Merchants' Exchange that the various associations for public work be more centered in the Exchange than formerly. There has been too much scattering of effort of late years. The Business Men's League, the Manufacturers' Association, the Commercial Club and other organizations have been "going it alone," until there has grown up a too great separateness of purpose to say nothing of rivalries and jealousies. The Merchants' Exchange should be the central regulating body for all such effort. The work could be done on or through 'Change much cheaper than at present. The men who do the work for such outside associations are always members of 'Change, and they have to pay dues to belong to other organizations to do the work the Exchange could do. The Exchange should be a sort of central Civic Bureau. It should have the associations referred to boiled down into strong committees of the Exchange. Then, instead of one organization pulling one way and another pulling another way, the work of each could be adjusted and behind each would be, not one clique or faction, but the united commercial, mercantile, transportation and other interests of the city. This, of course, would be consolidation and concentration, but it is in accordance with modern business methods. It would save money for the men now in three or four practically conflicting organizations, but it would not take money from the work to be done. It would bunch all the civic business movements and have the whole business community interested in each one. There is no reason why the Merchants' Exchange should not absorb the Business Men's League, the Manufacturers' Association, the Spanish American Club, and half a dozen other organizations and do the work of all with a great reduction of expenditure and a vast gain in efficiency.

Telephone Consolidation

THE MIRROR understands that negotiations for the absorption of the Kinloch Telephone Company by the Bell Telephone Company are practically closed. A consolidation will deprive St. Louisians of the advantages of competition.

Popular Election of Senators

RECENT squabbling between Marcus A. Hanna and Joseph Benson Foraker for control of the Ohio Legislature is interesting chiefly because it furnishes an argument for the election of United States Senators by the people. The control of Legislatures by bosses means the control of Legislatures by the corporations that control the bosses, and that means ultimate selection of Senators beholden for their places to those corporations. Election of Senators by the people is one of the first great reforms that should come in this country in the Twentieth century. It would be the greatest blow that could be delivered to the political machine.

Lebaudy's Gift

THE prize idiots of this country are those who men object to the acceptance of M. Robert Lebaudy's gift of \$1,000,000 to Chicago University for a foundation to train French scholars in the details of American craftsmanship. The objection is based upon the idea that the United States cannot afford to initiate foreigners into our methods of thinking and working. This idea would make us another China.

It would result in letting no foreigners come into the country and no natives go out. By all means let us educate all the Frenchmen, or others, that will come to us, in everything we know. Let us work for the United States of the world. The best way to bring it about is by inviting all men to come in touch with American ideas.

"Teddy"

THE MIRROR has received a letter in which the writer asks that the paper severely condemn those flippant persons who, in writing or speaking, refer to the President as "Teddy." Not on your life! "Teddy" is not a contemptuous diminutive, but one of affection. And why should not Roosevelt be "Teddy." Jackson was "Old Hickory." Lincoln was "Abe." Johnson was "Andy." The second Harrison was "Little Ben." Cleveland was "Grover." A nickname does not harm a man in the Presidency. It does not detract from the Presidential dignity. The nickname that sticks to a President is usually meant by the people as a term of endearment. It implies some familiarity, of course, but what is better than a general feeling that the President is near the people and not a remote, occult sort of Grand Llama? "Teddy" is all right. It has its proper value, in its place, and its use springs from a feeling that is true and, therefore, the nickname will be rarely found in the place where it should not be used.

What's Wrong?

THE World's Fair managers and magnates will please diagnose themselves carefully. There is something wrong with them. They haven't given themselves a banquet in the last thirty-six hours. They had better look gout.

Against Children

SUSAN B. ANTHONY and Ida Husted Harper are against women having children. These are wise ladies. Being wise, will they please tell us why women are women if the primary purpose of their being so is not that they may have children? Perhaps they mean that women should not have so many children. There is only one legitimate way in which this may be accomplished. That is by refusing to marry and having no children at all. So the argument comes to the same thing in the end. Nature demands children. It demands a great many of them that a few may survive the many. Women cannot go against Nature. If they do they must be obliterated and with them the race. These wise women are very foolish on this question.

de Blowitz

M. DE BLOWITZ, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, for thirty years, has retired. He was a great confidence-man and much of a blowhard, but he was also a great newspaperman, and he had a knack of getting at the secrets of Kings and Emperors and Cabinets. He was regarded as quite a Personage, and so regarded himself. He maintained something of the state of an ambassador in the French capital and he had the funds at command to secure information from the venal followers of every diplomatic mission. He kept the Times, and through it the world, well informed upon matters of great moment in European politics, and has earned his rest. An American, it is said, succeeds him, and now we shall see what we shall see, as a result of this latest American invasion of the strongest citadel of European conservatism, the London Times. Will it become a yellow journal?

Business

MARY E. WILKINS is married at last, and the world of literature may draw its breath again. She made almost as much advertising capital out of the incident as Senator Depew has made out of his. Business is business, and love is a serious business, you bet!

Willie's Prosperity

WILLIAM J. BRYAN is building for himself a \$20,000 house near Lincoln, Neb. A few months ago he paid \$500 for a blooded calf. It is evident that the profession of running for the Presidency has prospered as well as

every other business in the country in the last six years. Mr. Bryan seems to be not a little on the Pierpont Morgan lay on his own account, but then it's different when you pay fancy prices for a calf from what it is if you put the fancy prices in pictures. Mr. Bryan may expend his money as he pleases, but Mr. Morgan must not. Great man, Mr. Bryan. He has made his patriotism pay as handsomely as even Mark Hanna could have done it.

Zionism

THE Jews that are of most value to Judaism are not the sort that will join the Zionist colony in Palestine. The Zion movement will fail because it does not offer anything to compensate for the opportunity the Jews find in England, the United States, Germany and even France. The Gentiles don't want the Jews to tear themselves away and the Jews are fonder of their Gentile brethren than either Jew or Gentile is aware. Zionism is doomed to failure. The Jew is unfitted for a country of his own after his centuries of cosmopolitanism.

Language

SIR HENRY IRVING is a great actor, without doubt, but what language is that he speaks? From its sound one would judge it to be a catarrhal dialect of Dean Swift's Houyhnhnms.

Kipling

MR. KIPLING'S latest poem calling for conscription in England exposes glaringly his country's military plight and testifies eloquently, if all unwillingly, to the prowess of the Boers. Mr. Kipling may be the poet of brutality and butchery, but he is not afraid to tell the truth, and his criticisms in verse of the British management of the war do more to help the Boer cause and bring British prestige to humiliation than all the rabid utterances of the pro-Boer agitators. He sings British incompetency and dunderheadedness, and confesses that the Boers have proved themselves superior to the full strength of the Empire. Not the most rabid of the Irish irreconcilables has done so much against the British cause as Kipling does in his latest verses. He despises the English for their proof that they don't know how to do their work and he must admire the Boers because they do know the business of war. His "lyric cry" is, therefore, England's confession of pitiable weakness and imminent national peril. If Kipling be right as to the facts, what would happen to his country in a war with a first-class, or even a second-class, Power? No wonder John Bull knuckles under to Brother Jonathan and Adam Zad every time.

Good Work

SOMEONE with humor, learning, kindness and rare literary skill is doing a great deal of excellent writing on the editorial page of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, in the daily "Lay Sermons." Carefully selected those little preachments will some day make a book to be enjoyed by the discerning. This prompts me to say, also, that the semi-editorial department "Echoes of the Streets" in the same paper is a fine diurnal exhibit of original snap-shot thought and happy expression.

Bad Failures

THAT collapse of the Everett-Moore syndicate that juggled with imaginary millions is a business disaster that has tightened up money to the disadvantage of many legitimate enterprises. While the financiers are acting in concert to minimize the effects of the failure, it is certain that the event causes considerable uneasiness in many bank-directories in the Middle West where there are being carried quite a mass of securities not much different, apparently, from those of the Everett-Moore combination. The failure is a bad one, but it seems to show bad management of the enterprise rather than bad business conditions generally. Its result will be to check many a loan in negotiation, but it will have the good effect of making people shy of brass-band and fireworks financiering. The Crude Rubber trust's disaster is another event calculated to make people question the much praised confidence that now

prevails. There can be such a thing as too much confidence in the wrong kind of people and enterprises. It will not be overcautiousness if people who have something to lose will look out for squalls.

Good Ad

BEST of all the advertisements this city's World's Fair project has had is the offer of a \$200,000 prize for a workable air-ship to be exhibited during the Exposition. It appeals to the popular imagination and to the popular sense of the useful as well. The air-ship competition, participated in by inventors from all the world, promises to be the dominant attraction of the event for the multitude as well as for the scientists.

Tonic Selections

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has nominated Col. D. P. Dyer for United States District Attorney at St. Louis, and Mr. Ben Westhus as Collector of Internal Revenue. Col. Dyer is a prominent lawyer and was a typical Missourian before Champ Clark was heard of. Mr. Westhus is a St. Louisan born, a clean, progressive business man. Both appointments are distinctly good for the public service, and being that they must be, in the long run, good politics. Republicans will feel that their party has been strengthened by these selections.

Jeering the Shaws

IS THIS really a democratic or a republican country? One would think not, to read the jibes at the provincialisms of Mr. Shaw, the new Secretary of the Treasury and his wife, since their arrival at Washington. They are ridiculed for the simplicity of their manners and even for their religious views. Mrs. Shaw is laughed at because she says she can sew and because she regrets to leave Iowa's fine country butter. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw are decent people, not ashamed to be what they are, and nothing they have said or done, of the things that have recently been ridiculed, is at all ridiculous. They have not erred in courtesy to anyone. They have not made any pretensions. They are infinitely better types of the gentleman and the lady than any of the persons who jeer at them in so-called society articles from Washington.

Little.

MESSAGE.

BY VICTOR J. DALEY.

LONG is the journey from worm to man and full of trouble and pain,

But short and swift is the journey from man to the worm again.

We walk erect for a random year,—make love, make war, make woe,

And where is the God to hold our hands? Then down to the dust we go.

What does it matter, when all is said, the lot of our living here?

Death will deliver us at the end, and what is there left to fear?

What is there here for man to fear who draws not coward's breath,

For what can fright the heart of a man whose dearest friend is Death?

Take ye no heed of the Future—let Hell and Heaven go; Be brave, be true, be tender, be just—and God will know. There is no possible happiness, there is no possible bliss, Nor wisdom known to sons of men so sure and true as this:

Live richly while your life-days last, and let your heart keep young,

God will remember the generous hand before the praying tongue.

This knowledge comes to the dying man who turns him to the wall,

That Genius counts for less than nothing, and Goodness counts for all.

Sydney Bulletin.

A GREAT SLAV AUTHOR.

BY GEORGE FRENCH.

A NEW Russian author, introduced to Americans by no less authority than Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, suggests some inquiry into the question of the quality in Slav literature that attracts the American taste; the taste that goes stumbling blindly but avidly after such tinsel as those native novels which have sold up toward the half-million mark. There could not well exist more sharp and irreconcilable contrasts than are shown by such books as "Eben Holden" and its ilk and such books as "The Argonauts" and those of Maxim Gorky. Probably both classes are not read by the same people; certainly not from purely literary motives.

There is this distinct quality in Slav literature—that Slav literature which reaches us through translations, such as the writings of Tolstoi, Turgineff, Sienkiewicz, Gorky, and now Eliza Orzeszko—that the authors seem to expose to the reader all that they have and are. This is much less marked in the case of the most popular of them all, the Pole, Sienkiewicz, who writes more objectively than any other, and concerns himself less with the profound riddles of civilization. But generally this literature seems to be an exposition of the inmost and utmost thought and feeling of the writers. How Tolstoi has emptied himself upon paper! Gorky has filled his books with the contents of his mind. Unclean and hideous as this is, he deserves credit perhaps for the more courage in spilling it in the sight and under the nostrils of the world. Why did he do it? With his literary skill he might have catered to the sensibilities of his public and won equal renown and greater respect and liking. But no. The stench was in his nostrils and he must needs seek to make the air breathed by others reek with it.

Madam Eliza Orzeszko is, Mr. Curtin says, "the greatest female writer and thinker in the Slav world at present," and is even esteemed by "keen and good critics, just judges of thought and style," to be "the first literary artist among the women of Europe." This is a big claim, but it is made by a man who intimately knows the Slav literature, and is also a very competent literary critic. We may not accept his estimate literally, but it is impossible not to ascribe a high order of genius to the woman who wrote "The Argonauts." It has a literary quality very rare, and most agreeable—a power to place the reader as an intimate observer of the drama of the lives of *Darvid* and his family, with the one important personage whose doings affect the plot and its development, the unhappy *Kranitski*, who is, after all, only the chief among the small group of lay figures whose functions are almost wholly pictorial and supernumerary. In a sense there is only one real character in the book—the millionaire *Darvid*, whose one passion was the winning of money on a great scale. The wife, whose one lapse from rectitude furnished her husband his only excuse to indulge a moral purpose, was shadowy and unreal. She was kept off the stage except when she was needful to foil a phase or an act of his. Her function was strictly interpretative and not expository. *Irene*, the elder daughter, was even less vital to the plot, as she was chiefly a support and relief to the mother. The younger daughter, *Cara*, is the result of a rather pathetic attempt to introduce a genuinely lovable and lovely element, and she is but the shadow of a shadow. So the son, *Moryan*, merely serves to enable the money-king to exhibit the fustian of his mind and the plausible sham of his motives.

The story is the story of a man in whom the devouring love of money burned out every other love; the story of the development and operation of this passion until it had killed every human interest, and then the story of the remorseless revenge of outraged humanity—the cruel and crushing force of the passion for human love and sympathy after all its sources had been dried up and its outlets forever sealed. It may be called the story of the starvation and death of a soul, with the despairing realization at last of the completeness of the destruction.

From the very opening page one feels toward *Darvid* as one might toward a condemned murderer. There is no

foothold for sympathy, and yet there is always the pity of it! From the first the man's doom is hanging over him, and plainly in the eyes of the reader. There is no financial catastrophe; the man succeeds in his schemes, and when the piteous voice of human love and sympathy lures him over the border land of eternity he has just realized his greatest triumphs. There is no attempt to issue a Nemesis from the stock market. The Nemesis arises from the grave of the young daughter, who was weak-lunged but loving in nature, and who died after she had learned the cause of the icy barrier between her father and her mother. The cold man had loved this girl, but neglected and misunderstood her. When she died the wrestling began and the small revolver, always in the man's desk, ended all.

The book is a panorama—a mural painting. The man *David* and his killing passion are the motive the artist throws all her soul into depicting. But there are clear and beautiful incidental pictures that show other types almost as clearly but infinitely less subtly. *Kranitski*, the amiable and talented old beau, whose early and sinful devotion to *Mme. David* gave *David* one of his best-played motives, is drawn with great skill and temperate sympathy. So is *Irene*, and so are *Moryan* and the few others who come upon the stage to relieve and illumine the one-man drama. There are touches that reveal the breadth and catholicity of the author's cultivation, as when she describes a young noble's house which has been furnished from the workshops of William Morris, and always in her management of the machinery of her plot and in the labor of compounding the literary solution for the reception of her vital element.

I cannot recall a book that so graphically, so strongly and definitely, so completely presents the *stimmung* of the type exhibited. *Mme. Orzeszko* has shown us all of the inside of the man's consciousness, and in doing this she has given us a rare example of literary skill. The workmanship of the book is uniquely excellent, of that grade and quality of excellence which manifests itself agreeably through the self-effacement of the author. The book is all *David*, not even suggestively *Orzeszko*. It is one of those not infrequent units in the great flood of books which can be lauded generously by the critic searching for merit, but which are not always given their due.

The translator deserves credit—much credit. It is due to his ability to preserve the tone of the book, in its transition from Russian to English, that we are able to appreciate it. He is so familiar with the Slav peoples, their literature and language, and he succeeds so well in actual translation, as distinguished from transcribing or paraphrasing, that we know well we are getting the genuine tang of the original. Mr. Curtin has deserved well of all lovers of good literature since he introduced us to *Sienkiewicz* and the folk tales of the Slavs, Scandinavians and Irish; but he has done no better work than this of introducing us to *Mme. Orzeszko*.

As to the motive of such books as this, there may be more said than to commend them as literature. This one is a fervid preachment against the sin of too rapid money-getting. Is it needed? Such as have not as much money as they desire, or need, will think it is needed. I believe it is not, though I may be far from content with the amount of money that has come to me. *David* is impossible. The man who could so crucify himself in the race for money, has not that in him that would appreciate or understand salvation if it were thrust upon him. The money-maniacs are no more capable of better things than the lepers able to change their skin. Generally the men who make money are good men, wholesome men, human men, cultured men, sane men. They are not in the least like *David*. They are better, broader, sweeter, more moral and more inclined toward religion and philanthropy than are those men who cannot get much money. The nearer to his ideal a man is able to live the better man he is. It is the man whose life is a long struggle, who cannot attain to his ideal, or near it, who is soured and who gives way to that in him which is less admirable. The ordinary man can be a better man if he has a comfortable bank balance, and he can be a better man easier. The few *David*s in the world are monstrosities. They are not

normal humans. Nothing touches them. Such a book as this they could not understand. Their natures and instincts are those of the Polish Jew old-clothes dealers—such of them as do not play the money game for the game's sake, as many money-kings do. There are no *David*s in the world, any more than there are *Frankensteins*. The men who get great fortunes merely for the sake of the money are far below the best of *David*, while those who get money as the fruit of capacity and power are high above him.

Mr. Curtin suggests another lesson in *Kranitski's* life—of the troubles of the man who cared not enough for money. This inference is far from obvious. *Kranitski* cherished an illicit passion for *Mme. David*, and was the cause of that weak woman's misery. Considering what he was and what he did, he came off famously well, closing his life in the enjoyment of an humble but sufficient comfort that he not only never earned but distinctly never deserved.

There cannot well be too many books of the degree and order of merit of this one, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Curtin will translate for us more of *Mme. Orzeszko's* works. It is a tonic to attend such a moral and psychical clinic occasionally, between the grotesque picnicings of the ladies and gentlemen who are turning out the widely-read popular novels.

LITERATOORALOORAL.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

Yellow Boston

THE yellow microbe is more virulent in Boston than in any other town in the country. The publishing fraternity in what was once the hub of culture has given some lamentable exhibitions lately. One firm, not content with one coupon scheme after another as aids to the sale of intrinsically worthless books, has gone so far as to withdraw its advertisement from one of the few New York newspapers still imbued with a sense of the decencies, the *Times*. Its letter accompanying this withdrawal was as fatuous as the one a second Boston publishing firm lately sent out announcing the fact that it would henceforth send review-copies, so-called, only to critics who would refrain from censure where censure was due; in other words to no critics, deserving the name, at all. Yet a third Boston firm is becoming notorious, in its dealings with such men as Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard and Ernest McGaffey, as trying to equal the curious reputation gained in New York some years ago by the fellow whom Col. Richard Henry Savage had to bring suit against. There remain, then, how many reputable publishing firms in Boston, guiltless of any taint of "fake," dealing in literature as literature deserves?

Platt and White

IF it be really Mr. Thos. C. Platt's intention to take action against Mr. William Allen White, of Kansas, for his monograph entitled "Platt," in *McClure's Magazine*, I hasten to applaud Mr. Platt. He will be sure to put independence of speech and printed opinion more firmly on its feet than ever. If he has any doubts about the verdict of the American people on efforts to gag independence of opinion he has only to sue Mr. White as he has threatened to do. Let all the other gentlemen, including Mr. Croker, to whom Mr. White has devoted monographs, sue likewise. Let everyone sue about whom the truth creeps into print. It is an age in which the liberty of the press is jeopardized considerably; Mr. H. S. Canfield was almost in jail for a Chicago editorial the other day; certain Munich and Paris caricaturists spend as much time in jail as out. Mr. Ellsworth, with his bill against cartoons in the New York Legislature, not so long ago, did his best to apply the gag; Mr. Platt will recall that his best was pretty poor. Mr. White's series of character-studies is an admirable one. We cannot have too much of this plain speaking. Mr. Joseph Flynt, for telling the truth about municipal collusion between police and crime in Gotham was threatened with prison; he now has the satisfaction of knowing that the voters believed his accusa-

tions. I hope Mr. Platt will sue. For then we will all get a view of Mr. Platt, not as Mr. White, but as Mr. Platt sees him.

WASHINGTON.

BY ASBESTOS.

EVERYTHING now points to one good, straight party fight in this session of Congress and, if it comes, it will come soon after the re-assembling of Congress, over the Philippines tariff bill. When that bill was passed by the House, after the weakest protest by the minority ever witnessed in that body, it went to the Senate, and Henry Cabot Lodge, the closest friend of the President, had the influence to have the bill referred to his committee, the Committee on Philippines, instead of the Committee on Finance, to which all bills concerning the tariff have hitherto been referred. Mr. Lodge, as chairman of that committee, will become the floor leader of his party in the Senate and the champion of the Administration. That committee seems to have been built by both parties with the fight on this bill in view. It is, perhaps, the strongest committee that could have been got together in the Senate. Mr. Lodge will have with him, as his backers, on that committee, Senators Allison, of Iowa, Hale, of Maine, Proctor, of Vermont, Beveridge, of Indiana, Burrows, of Michigan, McComas, of Maryland, and Dietrich, of Nebraska, all of them, except the last named, among the best and most skillful debaters in the Senate. Opposed to this array of talent are Senators Rawlins, of Utah, Culberson, of Texas, Dubois, of Idaho, Carmack, of Tennessee, and Patterson, of Colorado, the very cream of the young Democracy in the Senate and everyone of them a fighter. Rawlins is not an initiative fighter, so this fight will have to be led by Culberson, of Texas. This will make him the leader of his party in the Senate, if he will only screw his courage up to the sticking point and wade in. He has the ability and plenty of backing to make Lodge taste this bill in his coffee every morning. If the Democrats will only make this fight it will have a far-reaching effect on the politics of the country. It will do more to get the Democratic party together in the next campaign than all other things combined that they might do in this session. It will be a fight on the tariff question, on which all Democrats can unite. It would take from the Republicans and give to the Democrats the support of a considerable number of the element that wins elections in this country—the business element. If the Democrats are game there will soon be "something doing."

DeArmond

THE Hon. David A. DeArmond, of the Missouri delegation, has been considered for several years as, perhaps, the ablest member of that delegation in the House. That may be true in some respects, but as a leader there is much to be desired in his mental make-up. That he is by far the most satirical and sarcastic speaker in the bunch, there is no doubt. His tongue is as keen as an adder thrust, and his words burn like acid into the armor of an antagonist. The man who has received the full force of one of DeArmond's verbal attacks feels like he had spent the night in an old bee-gum full of red ants, or like he was receiving a needle bath. He does not feel flattened out and done for. He feels like fighting, because he is irritated. He is mad clear through and he goes after DeArmond with his guard down, and then he gets his quietus. DeArmond is the John J. Ingalls of the House, without Ingalls' flashing brilliancy. He is a human wasp with his stinger always ready for business. He has been unkindly referred to as "a common scold." He has an unfortunate voice and delivery. He never raises his voice above a monotone and it sounds like a buzz-saw going through white oak timber. He is didactic in his methods and people resent the idea that they are being taught by him. He has wonderful concentrative powers and when he speaks every other subject except the one under consideration is ignored and forgotten. On that account he would not make a good leader of the

party in the House. He would leave the gate open on some other question to be guarded by the party and the opposition would walk in and occupy the citadel. There is a certain amount of egotism in his trait. He concentrates all his vast learning on the one subject and goes straight to the core. He seldom or never writes a speech. They are all extemporaneous and he very seldom corrects the stenographic notes before they go to the *Record*. His English is pure and his diction is delightful and when he gets through talking his speech is a finished production. Judge DeArmond is recognized as an able lawyer, a hard student and an incorruptible legislator. He enjoys the respect of all in the House and the personal friendship of many of the Democrats. On account of his caustic tongue, however, he has incurred the hatred of many Republican members. There is little doubt that he will be in the race in Missouri to succeed Senator Vest in the Senate. His habits and disposition would accord more with the "offish" club spirit of the Senate than they do with the knock-down-and-drag-out tactics of the House. He might have been the Democratic leader of the House, but for his cold causticity.

Champ Clark

ANOTHER member of the Missouri delegation who will be in the Senatorial race, and who is, perhaps, the most picturesque representative from Missouri, is the Hon. Champ Clark. Mr. Clark is one of the physical giants of the House and some of his speeches may be called "fine physical efforts." Champ may think he is an orator, but he is not so regarded by good judges of oratory here. Oratory consists of something else besides sound and calisthenics. When he makes a speech he needs more elbow room than any other man in the House. He roams up and down the aisles of the House and swings his huge arms like flails and pounds the desks like a deep-water, two-gallon Baptist preacher. Champ says quaint things and good things, but they lose their effect because he is the human megaphone of the House since the death of Broscious, of Pennsylvania. Champ, however, has the courage of his convictions and he sometimes hurls from his verbal catapult a chunk of cruel truth at the Republican side of the House to the visible discomfiture of the opposition. He is a well read man, but he makes the mistake of thinking that no other man ever read anything. He sometimes uses a Shakspearean quotation and he flings it at the heads of his audience with an emphasis that suggests a belief on his part that they never before heard it. He sometimes tries to be dramatic and succeeds in being clownish. He carefully prepares and studiously cons all his speeches and if he is interrupted in his remarks and the debate gets to be a running one, he is almost at the mercy of his antagonist. He is the poorest mixer in the delegation and has, among some people, acquired the reputation of being selfish and jealous of some other members of the delegation. He has a gentle nature, however, and he is well liked by many members of the House. Whenever he makes a speech he never lacks for an audience. His quaint sayings, homely similes and the swing of his intellectual bludgeon nearly always fill the galleries and empty the cloak rooms. The ablest thing he has done since he came to Congress was the address he delivered in the House when the State of Missouri presented to the Government the statues of Thomas H. Benton and Frank P. Blair to adorn Statuary Hall in the National Capitol. Portions of that address really reached high-water mark oratory and indicated the capacity of the sturdy and loyal Missourian.

Perniciously Active Benton

ONE of the real leaders in the Missouri delegation and on the Democratic side of the House is the Hon. Maecenas E. Benton, famous once because Cleveland decapitated him for "pernicious activity." He is not much on dress parade. He is smallest in stature of any member of the delegation, though heavy set. His personality would be more attractive if he would wear finer clothes. He wears the oldest and dustiest clothes he possesses, never has his shoes shined

and looks like a Newton County farmer, but his think tank is on straight. He is as studious as any man in the House and goes to the bottom of everything that comes up. He is one of the best informed men on American political history to be found anywhere. He sees all sides of it and is, therefore, capable of talking intelligently on it. He sees every trick of the opposition and would make the best leader in the delegation. Some of these days he may be "discovered" and eclipse more showy personalities. He has done very little talking since he has been in Congress, but when he does talk the people will hear something worth listening to. If he were the leader of the minority in this Congress, instead of Jim Richardson, of Tennessee, the Philippine tariff bill would not have been passed without a fight that the people of the country would still be talking about. He is the kind of a fighter that burns his bridges behind him as he goes and makes no arrangements for a retreat. Whenever he does break loose and give vocal vent to his thoughts he will be a revelation to most people here who think they have sized up the delegation from Missouri. Washington, Jan. 6th, 1902.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE advent of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, heralded from London as the peer of both Bernhart and Duse, has thrown the American critics—to say nothing of American theater-goers—into a fine flutter. And, by the way, having used the word "critics" in reference to the newspaper writers whose duty it is to write about plays and players, wouldn't it be just as well frankly to admit that the legendary title were better dropped since the occupation itself has so lost its original scope and function that, in the West at least, it now consists of merely "reporting" the persons and pieces presented on our stage, much as a society reporter or sporting "editor" would tell the story of a pink-tea or a prize-fight?

Not that the latter-day and Western dramatic editor is not just as capable as his forbears or his contemporaries of the older centers. But it has come to pass that the fellows in the business-office, who figure on the profits from so many inches of theatrical advertisements every week, can't bear to see the "critic" take his pen in hand and "slam" a show that is spending \$500 at the first-floor front window.

Then there's the public. What does it care about what Mr. Capecoat Criticus thinks of Mrs. Pat Campbell's acting? It means to find out for itself, anyway, and will be quite well satisfied if the "critic" tells a pretty story with something about the length of Mrs. Pat's arms, a paragraph or two about her clothes and as much as possible about "who was in the large and fashionable, etc." Then just think how much easier it is for the critic to dish up something that won't throw the business manager into a fit, instead of grinding out one of those old fashioned critiques that left the reader in no doubt whatever as to the dramatic, literary and artistic values of the play and players.

And it's a mercy too, for, I notice, the few sure-enough critics who came out here from N'Yawk to "do" Mrs. Patrick Campbell, are all by the ears as to their measurement of her methods and abilities. One says she can't act at all; another says the world has never looked upon her equal; she lacks emotional verve; she is a whirlwind of passion and fancy; she recites like a scold; her elocution is the perfection of that art; she has no appreciation of tone values; the shading of her dialogue and recitative is marvellous; her acting is a distinct disappointment; the English critics have not overstated her merit.

There you are! You can't believe them all and if you did you'd probably change your mind the first time you saw and heard Mrs. Campbell. A *bas* the critic! Give us the fellow who can tell what size shoes she wears, plucks at the Irish lace of her gauzy gown and tells how much it cost per yard in Sackville street. We want facts and figures. Who cares what anybody "thinks?"

I find that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was born of an Italian

mother by an English sire, or vice versa; however, she's half British. I would say that the temperamental quality which she lacks most is "humor" and I think students of racial and tribal heredity will agree with me that the Italians, with all their imaginative fancy, have little of that saving quality. It's too bad her English blood has not come to the rescue of her Latin gloom, but perhaps it has done better, for the Saxon poise bristles and dominates the chafing passion of her Italian heart. The calm which sits so strangely above her most furious demonstrations of love, anger or jealousy has for me the charm which stately reason, nobly evidenced, always has over emotional ecstasies. It is repression, the sign that there are yet arrows in the quiver, proof that in the very turmoil and climax of passionate effort there is yet a nobler, finer, final possibility in reserve. I think it is one of the fine, old English qualities and Mrs. Campbell has it like a curb and snaffle with which to rule her turbulent, Southern spirit.

Her hair is blue-black, billows of it crowning as beautiful a head as ever ached upon a woman. I'm sure she is a good woman, not that anyone has ever denied it, nor that most actresses are not good women, (!) but that her goodness dawns upon you like a gentle spirit when you meet her and before you have begun to measure her physical attributes or her conversational peculiarities. There is an English deliberateness shaded by an Italian timidity in her manner which, though hard to describe, is charming. She has the English manner—the best English manner—not at all like Langtry's, or Nethersole's or yet Mrs. Kendal's—so that it is quite easy to understand how she won and held her place in the best homes of England without hypothecating any of the securities of wifehood. I am told that Captain Pat Campbell, her gallant husband, was also her sweetheart, even till the day he died fighting the Boers at Paardeberg, and that she still weeps for his memory though he's dead quite a year. Probably her press-agent wouldn't admit that, but I think it's nothing to be ashamed of.

I saw Mrs. Campbell play *Paula*, "the second Mrs. Tanqueray," last night. Having seen Kendal and Nethersole in the same character I felt quite sure that Campbell could not suffer by comparison. The only satisfaction I ever got out of seeing Mrs. Kendal act was the knowledge that the regular critics had to sit through the play, too. When I saw Olga Nethersole pleading with *Eileen* and driving *Aubrey* to drink, I thought the trouble was with the play and not with Nethersole. I began to feel sure that Pinero ought to be syndicating sermons instead of parlor dialogues. The same play in Mrs. Campbell's hands becomes a modern masterpiece. In *Paula* she has a chance to let go abroad some of the sinister, lurid, leaping passion that is always crowding up into her fine eyes and hovering about her large, red mouth. Always there is no spurring of her emotions. They flash and burn along so easily, so swiftly, so absolutely genuine that one thinks of Booth, and Modjeska and Mrs. Fiske, seeking vainly for a combined comparison.

In the studied, technical "business" of the presentation I detected the painstaking, self-doubting, quaint timidity of the woman and, while the critics about me were harping on "excess of technique," I found that the very evidence of Mrs. Campbell's scrupulous self-depreciation was helping me to understand the *Paula* of the play as I had never understood that unhappy soul. I'm not sure that one can get the metier of an actress like Mrs. Campbell from a play like "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but there at least she is infinitely superior, more pitifully winsome, more convincing than either of the famous women I have seen in the same character.

I think it is the evenly sustained and unobtrusive power of her fine method that exasperates and, I suppose, disappoints the critics. There are no meteoric flashes of emotional lime-light about which to rave; just a strong, sustained, waning and waxing human fire of wholly explicable and yet indescribable value.

I'm not going to write about her gowns, because they were so good I didn't notice them. But of her physical proportions, lines and bearing I was forcibly reminded when

she sat beside *Lady Orreyea*, that pert, unctuous jade with the baby face and the voluptuous body. Somebody said that Mrs. Campbell is the incarnation of the Beardsley poster. It is a good line and effectively descriptive as to her stature, pose and sinuous angularities, but Beardsley never drew a face like hers.

CHICAGO, January 5th, 1902.

D. R. F.

MISSOURI'S FAVORITE SON FROM AN EASTERN VIEWPOINT.

THE naval and military heroes, and Mr. Bryan, Tom Johnson and ex-Senator Gorman, who have their rods up for Presidential lightning, must not leave the Hon. David R. Francis, of Missouri, out of their calculations. To start with, Mr. Francis is reputed to be worth \$15,000,000, and is a remarkably handsome, vigorous and genial man. Then he is president of the St. Louis World's Fair, and, in working like a beaver to make it a success, he swings round the circle and is the central figure at banquets of commercial bodies in different parts of the country. His admiring friends say that everybody who comes within the influence of his engaging personality has a good word to say for him afterward. When any one goes to St. Louis on business connected with the Fair he is shown into the office of President Francis, who treats him with great cordiality and says very nice things about the part of the country he comes from. If the ex-Governor of Missouri is not trying to make the greatest number of people acquainted with him in the shortest possible time, his style of shaking hands and hospitable address belie him. In the South Mr. Francis has interested the leading commercial bodies in the Fair. "We hear of him," says a Southerner, "first at one place and then at another, all over the South, hustling for the Fair and getting acquainted with the men who do things." A Missouri Republican just returned from Washington says: "We found tracks of Francis running for President wherever we went. He has been in New York several times, and we heard of conferences he had with the Democratic bosses. This will be news to many local Democrats. When Mr. Croker was at French Lick Springs, his candidate was not David R. Francis, but perhaps the Tammany Boss had never heard of him. No Democrat with the bee in his bonnet cultivates Mr. Croker, however. In a National Convention, New York has had no influence since 1884. No matter who is nominated, Tammany must make a pretence of supporting him; and, therefore, the Tammany Boss is not consulted in advance. It may be doubted, then, whether Mr. Francis has sounded New York Democrats about his boom.

If David R. Francis were to be nominated by the Democrats, in 1904, it would be a victory for the Cleveland faction, for Mr. Francis is a gold man, and has been *persona non grata* to the Bryan majority since 1896. He would be nominated in defiance of a tradition that the nomination must not go to the son of a Democratic State. Outside the South, Missouri was the only State that was carried by the Democrats in 1900, and, although it never seceded, it is as much of a Democratic State as Virginia. In Missouri Mr. Francis has two rivals for the honor in Alexander R. Dockery, the present Governor, and in William J. Stone, who is now a candidate for Mr. Vest's seat in the United States Senate; the fact would militate against Mr. Francis' chances. Not only as regards silver, but as regards expansion, he is not in sympathy with the Bryan programme. Like all level-headed men in the Mississippi Valley, the ex-Governor believes that its chief cities, from St. Louis to New Orleans, are going to benefit handsomely by Oriental commerce and the cutting of the Canal. He could not run on a programme which contained an anti-imperialistic plank. Some of Mr. Francis' schrewdest neighbors say that second place on the ticket is as much as he can expect. His principles would then matter little. Mr. Francis will not get anything if the editor of the *Commoner* has his way; and if the Republicans of Missouri, who have been steadily reducing the Demo-

cratic plurality in the State for several years, should elect a Governor before 1904 not a whisper of hope would be heard from a Missourian in the National Convention.

New York Sun, Dec. 26, 1901.

THE ROSE OF FLAME.

BY FIONA MCLEOD.

O H fair, immaculate rose of the world, rose of my dream, my Rose!
Beyond the ultimate gates of dream I have heard thy mystical call:
It is where the rainbow of hope suspends and the river of rapture flows—
And cool, sweet dews from the wells of peace forever fall.
And all my heart is aflame because of the rapture and peace,
And I dream in my waking dreams and deep in the dreams of sleep,
Till the high, sweet, wonderful call that shall be the call of release
Shall ring in my ears as I sink from gulf to gulf and from deep to deep—
Sink deep, sink deep beyond the ultimate dreams of all desire—
Beyond the uttermost limit of all that the craving spirit knows:
Then, then, oh then, I shall be as the inner flame of thy fire,
O fair immaculate rose of the world, rose of my dream, my Rose!

THE FAVORABLE BALANCE FAKE.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

A FALLACY has the proverbial nine lives of a cat. It dies hard, especially when it touches upon matters of political economy that tickle National pride and vaingloriousness. Like a lie well stuck to, a fallacy, in the course of time, acquires the value and sanctity of truth. At the present time, we are suffering from a good many fallacies, many of which are due to the wonderful era of "general prosperity." The most glaring of all is the dogma that a large excess of exports over imports is a thing to brag about. Politicians and green editorial writers have harped upon this so long and persistently that nearly everybody has arrived at the conclusion that the United States is about to enter upon the millennium, and that every other country on God's earth is going to the dogs.

"We point with pride to the immense international trade balance in our favor," the cheap mouthy politician will exclaim. And the editorial writer comes to the rescue with the sapient remarks: "As long as we are selling more than we are buying, prosperity will continue. The big balance in our favor indicates, beyond the preadventure of a doubt, that the United States has become the creditor nation of the world."

Such ideas are antediluvian, and have long since been proved to be utterly worthless and fallacious. It does not need much reasoning or illustrating to prove this.

Suppose there are two merchants who have been dealing with each other for a year. At the end of the year, it is found that one has sold to the other considerably more than he bought. The accounts balance, however. Neither is indebted to the other at the end of the fiscal year. This proves that neither has the advantage of the other. One had to sell more in order to pay for what he bought. In this case, where does the advantage of an excess of sales over purchases come in? This is a very simple illustration, yet it applies, without any qualification, to international trade relations.

Nominally, there have been very heavy international trade balances in our favor for some years past. In spite

of all that, however, we are exporting gold to Europe, and at this writing making arrangements to pay obligations which fall due in London, Paris and Berlin in the latter part of this month. There is strong reason to believe that the gold exports will continue for some time to come. Does this show that we have become a creditor nation, on account of the fact that we exported more than we imported?

When they organized the many industrial and railroad combinations, they had to call upon Europe for financial assistance. We alone could not finance those big deals. And foreign banks and capitalists came to the rescue, when things looked rather blue, and prevented a serious squeeze in the money markets. It is generally admitted that we need foreign capital at the present time, just as much as we did years ago. And this will be the case as long as we are developing. A young, vigorous, well governed nation like the United States requires capital and more capital. Capital is our life-nerve. Lack of it will lead to atrophy.

Great Britain is now importing more than she exports. Yet, in spite of the drawbacks of the war, and ceaseless, bitter competition, incomes and wages are growing right along. The London bank-clearances, in 1901, were materially larger than those of the preceding year. England is still a creditor nation, and very decidedly so. She may be going backward, and probably is, but this cannot be inferred from her foreign trade. The excess of imports, in England's case, represents the amount which other countries have to pay to Britishers, that is to say, interest, dividends, freight charges, etc., etc. If we are now selling more to England than we are buying, and yet have to export gold, notwithstanding high protective tariff-duties, that does not argue very strongly in favor of the soundness of our international trade position. They talk about the return of American securities from Europe. There is certainly some truth in this. These purchases, though, are a very uncertain or unknown factor. The most experienced bankers in New York profess their ignorance in reference to this return flow of our securities.

Our claim to the rank of a creditor-nation would be more substantial and rational if our imports were larger than our exports. A goodly portion of the favorable balance in the last few years was largely due to exceptional causes, such as poor crops abroad and prosperous business conditions in the leading countries of Europe. Now that prices are very low over there, and very high here, we may soon have a different song to sing about trade balances. Then we will find out for good whether we are a creditor nation or not. For the time being, there is nothing on which we can base such optimistic claims.

As matters stand, the belief is warranted that we are now actually indebted to Europe. The movements in the foreign exchange market tend to prove it. And this indebtedness may become larger as time passes. Things on the other side of the Atlantic are slowly on the mend again. The investor and speculator in European financial centers will, before long, be on the look-out for bargains again. He is at present slowly regaining confidence. And where can he find better bargains than here in the United States? I do not speak of security markets; there are very few bargains to be had, after the phenomenal advance of the last four years. I refer to commercial and industrial enterprises, which need only to be started, with honest and conservative intentions, to be remunerative. The foreign capitalist will always be welcome here; we need him and his money. In the meanwhile, however, let us cease bragging about being a creditor nation. Let us drop the fallacy that a favorable international trade balance is the surest sign that we are prosperous, even if we don't know it. We can hardly be a creditor nation when trusts fail because money is scarce and ruling at 10 and 15 per cent. After a while, when the various trusts begin to totter, when we cannot help them, because our money is tied up in unsalable securities, then the foreign capitalist may be very handy to have around. And then we will also experience a sobering up and get rid of the idea that "we are the people and hold all creation in the hollow of our hand."

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MADELEINE.

FRANK A. BECKARS.

HE had painted it two years ago—during his last year in Paris and it had come within two votes of winning the gold medal. The head of little Madeleine had not been painted for exhibition. It was purely a work of pleasure, for himself alone, that he might always have with him the face of the little Parisienne. She was so petite, vivacious, coquettish and yet so womanly that he knew at the time of its painting his heart would ever glow at thought of her. On his return to America, he held an exhibition in New York of his paintings, but he refused two flattering offers for the little head and it still held the place of honor on the walls of his studio. To visitors this little piece of canvas was infrequently exhibited, placed in the frame and talked about. He cared little when one would stop before it and enthuse over its sentiment and the good work in it. He cared little or nothing for other's admiration: he gave it his own unbounded. It was not for sale, but was to be his inspiration as well as companion, as it had ever been since its inception. His friends had often asked him about her, but he told them nothing. His year's friendship with her was still the sweetest memory of his life. It made, above all else, the Latin Quarter so dear to him. He had resolved at the time of parting that the tie should be broken and so had heard nothing from her since leaving Paris. Of course she had changed—but such thoughts he put away, desiring to remember her as she looked on the day of her last sitting. He flattered himself that he had then caught and fastened upon the canvas the wistful, soft look of her eyes, the pathetic half-pout of her lips.

His physician had at last ordered him to the coast, bluntly telling him that he could not survive the winter if he persisted in staying; and it was only yesterday that Harker had renewed his offer for it—this time of a sufficient amount to ensure the winter's comfort. But so long as it hung upon the walls there was ever sunlight in his studio. The days of suffering even were not without their quota of pleasure. During his spells of coughing, it looked down upon him with such a deep sympathy, her eyes, saddened with pity, following him constantly. No, he could never part with it and never would. What, after all, mattered the periods of hunger, the days of pain, the lack of medicine even. He still had the little head and no one could take it from him,

Winter was here with its dreary days, its dark days unfit for working, cheerless days, filled with the pain of coughing. If he could only finish the design now on his easel and get the money so much needed. If the sun would only come out and enable him to put the last touches upon the face. He had promised to have it finished a week ago and he knew what such delay would cost him—business men were so exacting, made so much of promptness. They had sent around every day of late to inquire if it was ready. The knock on his door meant further explanations.

"I just dropped in to see if you didn't need a little money this morning," said Harker of the firm of Harker & Crane, picture dealers, jingling the silver in his pocket.

"When did you ever find me in that condition," he laughed.

"Well, see here, I'm prepared to offer you a raise on yesterday. I'll give you six hundred for it."

Harker in silence counted out the money and laid the bills on the table.

There was money more than sufficient for all his needs, he thought—and it was a good price. None of his pictures had ever brought such a price. How much good it would do him—so much money at present. He abruptly took down the picture, placed it in the frame and both stepped back in contemplation. The face looked up to him, he thought, with an appealing expression. And how soft the eyes suddenly grew, as he thought of how dreary and lonesome the studio would be without her face.

"Come now, Will, this is your last chance and you know it is a good one," abruptly broke in Harker, reading aright the look on his face. "I can never give you such a price again. As I told you before, Wellston is bent on having it—wants to give it as a present to a big railroad official East—and if you will not sell right now, Walden sells his 'Moor'—not half so good a picture. 'And,' casting a significant glance around his bare and dirty studio, 'money is what you need. You ought to have better quarters—these kill your business and prevent you from doing your best work. Here is enough to give you a good start—to make life easy for you for a good long time—lying right here before you. Don't be foolish, take it.'"

He looked at the money—how large the pile looked—and then back at the picture. He thought of that day, in May, spent with her at Versailles, their first day's outing—how she had flitted from flower to flower, drinking in their sweetness—how she had darted in and out among the trees and laughed when he had caught her—how she had teased

him with her many playful tricks. He thought of that day in the studio, as they stood studying the finished picture—of her speechless delight on discovering from it that she was really beautiful—of the look that she gave him when he told her that he would *never* sell it—of the pressure of her warm little hand when leaving for home—he could feel it now. And he caught himself smiling again on recalling her playful remark about some day dropping in at his American studio.

"I won't sell it for that price," he quietly remarked.

Harker gathered up his bills and left.

Winter had at last passed and spring had come again. Winter had gone with its cold, its winds, its interminable nights of pain and wakefulness. He was weak, but spring was here with assistance. Orders had been somewhat more numerous and his health seemed fast improving. He was already planning a trip to the mountains and months of sketching. He told the little face of all his plans for the outing, the little picture still hanging in its old place upon the wall, the little face that had grown infinitely dearer during the months of the winter. Yes, spring affected them both alike—they both rejoiced at its arrival.

One bright morning he sat idly by his open window enjoying the sunshine and the sparrow's chirping, when the postman came in and handed him a letter. With a start he recognized the writing and tore open the envelope.

For awhile he sat still, then slowly turned and looked long at the picture—

"What are you going to do this fine day," shouted his friend Corley, rushing in. "I've got a dandy scheme—"

"Going to get drunk," he laughed, jumping to his feet and taking down the picture. "Come on, I've got a deal on with Harker."

Two weeks later, Richard Gordon Douglass, Jr., was standing in the library intently studying a picture—the finest, he thought, in his father's Fifth Avenue home.

"James," he called to the passing butler, "where did the governor get this portrait?"

"Given to him as a present, I believe, sir, the day before your return."

"Um!" he muttered, "guess I'll tell her about it tonight."

"Why," he mused the next morning at breakfast, "why in the devil did she break down and sob when I told her of it?"

FOR SUPREME JUDGES.

BY THE COMMITTEEMAN.

Next November three Justices of the Supreme Court of Missouri are to be elected. The three Justices who will retire are Sherwood, Burgess and Valliant. The first named of these three has been on the bench thirty years. He is a very able man. His opinions are classics in clarity. Despite all this there is a large political element that believe that Judge Sherwood is a corporation judge. There is no convincing proof of the charge, but it lurks away back in many minds that fully appreciate Judge Sherwood's ability and his pleasant personal qualities in social life. The Judge is believed to be candidate for re-election. His candidacy will be contested by the radicals on the anti-corporation cry. But the heavy legal artillery of the State—and it's all employed by corporations, or it wouldn't be heavy artillery—will boom for him. Judge Burgess does not appear to have made much impress upon the court during his term, or upon the people or the legal fraternity, although it is said that he has been a hard and faithful worker. Judge Valliant is from St. Louis. His qualities commending him to the Democracy are, in their order, his ex-Confederate record, his mild and persuasive manner, his avoidance of all factionalism, and legal ability. He has not much of a pull in St. Louis, because he is not one who knows how to get next to the boys who want something more tangible in the pleas made to them than "Dixie" and "the stars and bars." He displeased a great many people of social and financial and political power when he called the St. Louis Jockey Club race track a gambling game, in deciding a law suit in favor of Capt. Pat Carmody. Also, Judge Valliant was the man whose decision kept Col. Charles H. Jones for a long time in control of the *Post Dispatch* when Mr. Joseph Pulitzer wanted him out, thus enabling Col. Jones to make Pulitzer buy him out for "a dignified sum." Judge Valliant may possibly be nominated for this latter service to the lost cause of Free Silver, by votes from the interior, and possibly to appease the "kick" recently made against Governor Dockery that he "hadn't appointed an ex-Confederate to anything since he has been in office." If Judge Valliant can carry the St. Louis delegation he may get on the ticket. At present the bosses are sitting on his case and trying to determine whether they will take him up or not. His fate will be sealed finally by the attitude towards him of Col. Butler, Judge Priest and a few others. There is a rumor that he has made his peace in that quarter, but it is very doubtful.

Among the other candidates the most formidable seems to be Judge Fort, of Stoddard County, a man who made a fine reputation by cleaning up a terribly muddled docket bequeathed to him by a careless and thirsty predecessor. He comes from the Democratic stronghold of Southeast Missouri and he is powerfully backed. While his friends do not say so openly, it is a fact that Judge Fort's candidacy is in opposition to the plans of Chairman Seibert, of the State Committee. It is said that in order to "bust" Judge Fort's boom, Chairman Seibert has put into the field Judge Fox of Madison County. Fox is a good judge too, but those who know say that he is not so strong or so dependable in all ways as Judge Fort. The Fort "boom" has strength all over the State simply because of Seibert's opposition. Seibert is discredited

as a boss. He has been in power too long. He has held too many good offices, for too many years, upon the strength of his magnificent physique and good fellowship. The Cardwell case "fixed Seibert's clock" for good, when he showed himself afraid to stand examination as to the source and disposition of campaign funds. A majority of the committee, according to a recently taken poll, is ready to depose Seibert. The fight of Champ Clark for a public primary on the Senatorship, the nagging of ex-Governor Stephens, the spectacular extremism of Dave Ball, and the general dissatisfaction with the dickeryness of Dockery are all telling against Seibert, and, naturally, in favor of any candidate that Seibert is supposed to oppose. Seibert's pull is still strong with the railroad crowd, however, and he may yet solidify himself. The "cow-coroners" are a power in the State with their passes and their pulls with county attorneys.

Judge Noah M. Givan, of Harrisonville, is regarded as a strong candidate. He seems to be a sort of secret order candidate. Most of the people supporting him flaunt various emblems or symbols of mystic significance on their watch charms or vest-lapels. This, however, is not to be understood as being in disparagement of Judge Givan's standing as a man of law. The profession regards him very highly, and never fails to say so, but somehow it has never landed him in office, and he has been a candidate for the Supreme Court, more or less tentatively, some several times.

Kansas City has a candidate in Judge Gates, but Kansas City Democrats are so badly split up that they will probably not cut much ice in the convention to be called next week by a meeting of the State Committee. There is nothing against Gates, except that he hails from Kansas City. He is only thought to have a chance in the event of some compromise.

Judge Woodson, of Buchanan county, is another lawyer well known throughout the State, but if I mistake not, Judge Woodson has been long suspected of gold bug tendencies, and those tendencies will be treasured up against him. The hatred of gold bugs still lingers in the rural sections. It does not look as if Judge Woodson has much of a show to get there, for the reason stated.

A candidate has been sprung in Jasper County, in the person of Judge Haliburton, but the men who will play a strong hand in the nominating convention say that it will be urged against Judge Haliburton that he lives in the same county as Col. Bill Phelps, boss lobbyist, and is, presumably, a friend of that "handy man to have around."

Judge Hughes who lives in the Ninth Congressional District, is also a candidate. I don't know much, or, in fact, anything about him. That may be in his favor—if there are enough men in the convention of similar ignorance. There may be many other candidates. There usually is no limit to the number.

It is too early to pick winners, but I'll say that in my opinion the three men who will win are the three men who will be most satisfactory to the railroad crowd and to the Dockery administration. The candidates will eventually be selected by some sort of process of exclusion participated in by Dockery, Priest, Phelps, Carroll *et al.* Priest is a railroad man, "big," these days. He is practically the legal head of the Frisco Railway system, representing the owners in this State, rather than the actual management. The Dockery machine is

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pretty slick in its working, as was evidenced when, through Harry Hawes, it captured and gagged the meeting of county committee chairmen in this city, two weeks ago, and when Harry Hawes wrote the resolutions commending everything the meeting was called to attack. This matter of selecting the Supreme Judges is a step preliminary to the Senatorial fight. A strong effort will be made to throw the party management into the hands of the men who had it before Free Silver was an issue. It is regarded as absolutely necessary to choke off Champ Clark and his cry for popular choice of United States Senator. After that has been done the bosses will go after the scalp of ex-Governor Stone. The railroad crowd is willing to try the experiment of letting the State go Republican, if it cannot furtively elect enough of a certain kind of Democrats to name a gold bug Senator in the Legislature. The Supreme Court is thrown into politics more than it ever was before and Lord knows it has been the most notoriously political court that sits in any State in the Union. This statement is susceptible of overwhelming proof. The three candidates to be chosen will be selected for their value to the men who want to get Missouri into the list of doubtful States and then trade it off for the coin that may be exacted of either party. It will be a beautiful fight, and at the end it will be found that if the Republicans have as much sense as a string of dead catfish, they can carry the State hands down—especially as leading men in the councils of the Democratic party are putting up half the money and mapping out the plans for two minor parties favoring municipal ownership and straight Populism, while a distinguished Republican aspirant to the Senate puts up the other half of the money to keep the radicals at odds with the regular Democracy.

A POLITICAL EPISODE.

Bill Condon, one of St. Louis' alleged bad man, was shot by a detective after a lawless outbreak in the bad lands, Sunday night. Condon claimed he was shot by detectives because he was a friend of Boss Edward Butler and Butler was at war with the President of the Police Board, Mr. Hawes.

Monday morning a reporter interviewed Condon, the bad man, who was dying. "I'm still a friend of Butler's" said Bill, "and I'll die his friend."

At the same time Butler, political Warwick and millionaire boss, was being interviewed. "Condon was a bad man," said Butler, and I expected he'd come to such an end. I'm no friend of his nor is he a friend of mine."

Such is the interchange of "loyalty" between boss and minion. This is the tragedy of practical politics—the young men whose debauched lives culminate in disgraceful death to build up power and fortune for "leaders" who repudiate their servitors. The tough is protected so long as he is useful to stuff ballot-boxes or shoot for the boss, but once his light is out, the boss has no use for him, except to have his name voted on election by some other minion bound along the same road wherein his feet take hold on Hell.

A MCKINLEY STORY.

When the late President and party went West, not many months before he was shot, Mrs. McKinley, it will be remembered, went too. While talking one day with Mr. Scott, the man who built the *Oregon*, relates a writer in the *Boston Journal*, Mrs. McKinley said: "Oh, do you play cribbage, Mr. Scott?" "Yes," was the great ship-builder's answer. "Well, so do I," said Mrs. McKinley. "I wish you would play a game with me." "I should be delighted to do so," was the reply. Later, as President McKinley and Mr. Scott were looking over the latter's big plant, Mrs. McKinley not being present, the President said: "Oh, by the way, Mr. Scott, didn't I hear you and Mrs. McKinley arranging to play cribbage sometime?" "Yes," said Mr. Scott, "we are going to play." "Well, what kind of a player are you?" asked the President. "Oh, pretty fair, I guess; I play a pretty good game." "Well, so do I," said Mr. McKinley. "But, do you know, it may seem strange, but it is a fact, that I have never been able to play well enough to beat Mrs. McKinley." As he said this he looked at Mr. Scott with a significant smile. Their eyes met. It was enough. Mr. Scott understood, and it was safe to say that he did not beat Mrs. McKinley.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. John E. Liggett left a few days ago for California.
Mrs. Kimball is entertaining her niece, Miss Helen White.
Miss Lucy Edgar has returned from a trip to St. Joseph, Mo.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tandy Burbridge have returned from Hot Springs.
Mrs. John Boyle is entertaining the Misses Guitar, of Columbia, Mo.
Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Hough, Jr., gave a handsome dinner last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bunton and Mr. Garth Billingsley, have gone to Mobile Ala.
Mrs. B. F. Hobart and Mrs. James Robinson, are entertaining Miss Austin, of Chicago.
Mrs. George Whitelaw, who has been visiting St. Louis friends, has returned to California.
Mrs. Peyton Skipwith has been entertaining Miss Lila Wright, of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Mrs. William H. Gregg is entertaining her grand-daughters, the Misses Hayes, of Canada.
Mrs. Russell Harding, of the Southern Hotel, has sent out cards for a reception on January 14th.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blossom and Mrs. Alfred Bradford, have returned from their Eastern trip.
Mr. and Mrs. Warner McCall, formerly of Chattanooga, Tenn., have come to St. Louis to reside.
Mrs. George W. Winstead entertained at dinner last week, for her cousin, Miss Lila M. Wright.
Mrs. John C. Robinson, formerly of Toledo, Ohio, has gone to housekeeping at 6017 West Cabanne.
Mrs. Oliver P. Langan, gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of the Misses Carter, of Mississippi.
Miss Mary McKittrick and Mr. George D. Markham have set the early part of February for their marriage.
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bishop, of Cincinnati, Ohio, have returned, with their daughter, after passing the holidays in St. Louis.
Mrs. Henry Gehner and her daughters, Miss Gehner and Mrs. Witte, have sent out cards for a reception on Monday, January 13th.
Miss Caroline Lackland has been spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lackland and has now returned to College at Stonington, Conn.
Mrs. Gerald B. O'Reilly has sent out cards for a tea, Tuesday, January 14th, from three to five o'clock. Mrs. Robert Reilly and Miss Florida Reilly will assist.
Cards have been issued for the marriage of Miss Julia Moore, a niece of Mr. Hoyt Green, to Mr. William Biernan. The ceremony will take place January 18th.
A reception was given, on Tuesday afternoon, from four to six, by Mesdames William C. Jones, Walter B. Watson and Joseph Goodwin, at the residence of Mrs. Watson.
Dr. and Mrs. Carr Lane, who formerly resided here, have been spending the holidays with St. Louis friends. Mr. Joseph Chambers gave a dinner in their honor last week.
A Stag party of one-hundred men were entertained, on Tuesday evening, at dinner, by Mr. Mitchell Scott, of Vandeventer place, on the occasion of his departure for Europe.
Mrs. James Copping Cotter, who has been spending the past fortnight with St. Louis friends, will return to her home, in Indianapolis, Ind., the latter part of the week.
Mr. and Mrs. Byron Nugent have sent out invitations for a reception on Friday evening, January 10th, from half-past eight to half-past ten, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Nugent, of New York.
Mrs. George P. B. Jackson, assisted by Mrs. Adiel Sherwood Dodge, gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon. Among the ladies invited were Mesdames Leroy B. Valliant, H. N. Spencer, J. C. Van Blarcom, Franklin Armstrong, John A. Lee, R. K. Walker, F. E. Marshall, Celeste Pim.
Captain and Mrs. H. G. Sichel, recently returned from a three years' stay in Cuba, were entertained, on Tuesday evening, with a reception in their honor by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Covington Fowler. Mrs. Sichel will be remembered as Miss Mamie Jewett. Besides the large number of civilians who were asked to meet Capt. and Mrs. Sichel, there was a full attendance of Army people.
Mr. Emerson Wesley Scott, of California, has sent out cards to St. Louis friends, for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Laura May Scott, and Mr. Walter Hart West. The ceremony will take place on Saturday, January 11th, at noon, at

Christ Church Cathedral. Following the ceremony there will be a reception at the home of Mr. Ashley D. Scott, 3516 Morgan street, an aunt of the bride with whom she has spent the past three years.

Mrs. C. M. McLaran has sent out cards to her friends announcing the marriage of her youngest daughter, Miss Mary Alice McLaran, to Mr. Archibald Mercer Hazard, of Detroit. The ceremony took place very quietly on New Year's day, at Ingleside, the McLaran county home, with only the immediate family and a small number of friends present. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Charles J. McLaran. Rev. Bishop Tuttle officiating. After the ceremony the bride and groom departed for a Southern tour before going to their own home in Detroit.

One of the fashionable events of the past week, was the reception given by Mrs. Daniel M. Houser, of 4545 West Pine boulevard. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. William T. Adderton, whose card was enclosed in the invitation. Mrs. Houser wore a rich and beautiful toilette of black Lyons velvet, with point lace, and Mrs. Adderton was gowned in white satin veiled in duchesse lace. Among the guests were Mesdames Rolla Wells, Simeon Ray, David R. Francis, Perry Francis, J. L. D. Morrison, Charles D. McLure, Edward Mallinkrodt, Ashley D. Scott, Charles W. Scudder, George W. Parker, Charles Filley, John Boyle, Joseph D. Lucas, Claude Kilpatrick, Andy Knapp, Smith P. Galt, Norris B. Gregg, Wayman Cushman, Cliff Scudder, John O'Fallon Clark, John Fowler, Franklin Ferriss, Mullanphy Cate, Amadee V. Reyburn, Edgar Tilton, D. R. Powell, Ed Pierce, Campbell Smith, Lilburn G. McNair, Theodore Benoist, Dickson Walsh, William C. Glasgow, Carr Lane, S. M. Kennard, Goodman King, Harrison Drummond, Dan Taylor, Shepherd Barclay, William Bagnell, Byron T. Babbitt, George Warren Brown, Frank O'Fallon, William R. Donaldson, William G. Boyd, Wallace Simmons, Dwight Treadway, Elsworth Smith, Ellen Richards, Selby Barnes, J. D. Bascome, C. K. D. Walsh, William H. Barnett, J. H. Brookmire, A. B. Goodbar, Edwin Harrison, Walter Taylor, Charles Knapp.

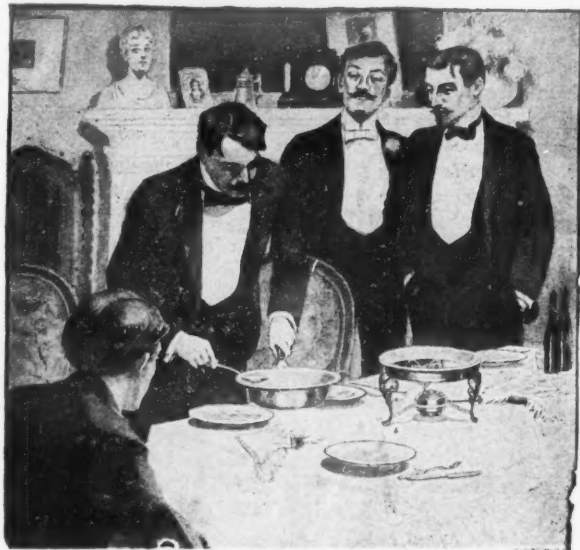
"Why did you stay away from school yesterday?" inquired the teacher. "Please Sir, my mummy's ill." "What does the doctor say it is?" "Please, sir, he says it's a girl." There's a directness about this that convinces. Now let us be direct, and say once more, Swope's shoes are best in fit, in finish, in wearing quality, in price, too. What more do you want? Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

THE ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

At the beginning of time, Twashtri, the Vulcan of the Hindoo mythology, created the world, and man. But when he wished to create woman he found that he had exhausted all the materials at his disposal in the creation of the man. There remained no solid elements. Twashtri, perplexed, sank into a profound reverie. Presently, he grasped an idea, and took the roundness of the moon, and the undulations of the serpent; the flexible branches of plants, and the tremor of grasses; the slenderness of the reed, and the velvety touch of the flowers; the lightness of the leaves, and the glance of the roe; the evanescent glitter of a sunbeam, and the tears of the clouds; the fickleness of the wind, and the timidity of the hare; the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the down which trims the breast of the sparrow; the hardness of the diamond, and the sweetness of honey; the cruelty of the tiger, and the warmth of the fire; the coldness of the snow, the chattering of the jay, and the cooing of the turtle dove.

All these things Twashtri mixed together and formed woman. He then gave her to man. Eight days after, the man came to Twashtri and said to him: "Master, the creature that you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters with-

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out ceasing—she takes all my time—she complains for nothing—she is always ill. I have come to beg you to take her back, for I cannot live with her."

And Twashtri took the woman back. Again, after eight days, the man appeared before the god, and said:

"Master, my life is very solitary since I returned you that creature. I remember that she danced before me and sang. I also remember that she looked at me out of the corner of her eye, that she amused me and admired me."

And Twashtri gave back the woman to the man. Three days only passed, and the god perceived yet again the man before him, disconsolate.

"Master," said the man, "I do not know the reason, but I am now certain that the woman causes me more annoyance than she gives me pleasure. Master, I entreat you, take her back."

But Twashtri cried in anger:

"Go, man, and do the best you can."

And the man said:

"I cannot live with the woman."

The god replied:

"You will not be able to live without her"

And the man went away full of sorrow and lamenting: "Alas! poor me! I cannot live with her, and I cannot live without her!"—*Town and Country.*

Angela (to whom Edgar has been proposing): "Tell me, Edgar! Did you ever say anything like this to any woman before?" Edgar (in a burst of honesty): "My dear girl, do you think that it could be done like that the first time?"

Dissatisfied Householder: "Do you mean to say that this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?" Gas Collector: "I will enter into no controversy, sir; but I may say that the meter measures the amount of gas you will have to pay for."

Season Is On.

Nothing so conduces to sociability, gayety and informal enjoyment as the Chafing Dish at the after-theatre petit souper, bachelor parties and impromptu lunches.

DAMN.

In her childhood, Harriet Beecher Stowe was firmly convinced that the most daring, reckless, and frightful thing she could do would be to say "damn." She became so possessed and haunted with the dread of the unknown terrors that would overwhelm a little girl who dared to utter that awful word, that at last she could endure the fascination of the terror no longer, and she went to her room, locked herself in, climbed into the middle of the feather bed, lay still, shut her eyes, opened her mouth, and said the wicked word. Then, according to her own account, she lay and waited in an agony of terror for what was to befall her. Her least expectation was that the ceiling would fall down. She waited and waited and waited. Nothing happened, and at last the monotony of the situation tired her and she got off the bed a very disappointed little mad-cap girl.

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NEW BOOKS.

"Cinq-Mars," a detailed narrative of a conspiracy against Cardinal Richelieu, in the time of Louis XIII, by Alfred De Vigny, translated from the French by William Hazlitt, is, at times, one of the most thrilling stories one could imagine. From the prefaced sketch-biography of the author and his works, one enters upon the reading of "Cinq-Mars" prepared to peruse a masterpiece, a book that will hold its reader captive from the opening chapter until the end, and herein one is greatly disappointed. The episode of the cruel burning and torturing of *Urbain Grandier* is told with masterly power. One's flesh creeps at the vivid picture of the horrible devices used to inflict the most atrocious suffering; one's highest admiration is elicited at the delicate touch displayed in describing the wonderful fortitude of the martyred priest, his saintly resignation, his beatific calm. There are many passages that betray the poet and the dramatist that de Vigny was, but there are other scenes and passages that are tedious in the extreme and interfere sadly with the progress of the story and the onward march of *Cinq-Mars'* career. The reader often is forced to wade thorough long, useless harangues and trifling small talk, which have no bearing upon the events. There are some good storm scenes, but they only narrowly escape descent to the veriest fine writing of the tyro in the study of rhetoric. Were it not for the "padding" these descriptive portions, together with the story's natural dash and brilliancy, would render "Cinq-Mars" one of the most readable of contemporaneous narratives. The delineation of Richelieu, the inexorable, the merciless, the indefatigable Cardinal, is one that impresses, even though one has been steeped in Dumas, and has seen Booth in Lytton's play. The character-drawing of the weakling king, Louis XIII, is no less impressive. Two characters deftly, though slightly, drawn are Anne of Austria and Marie de Gonzaga, the one by turns austere and loving, the other, ever charming if sometimes vain and weak. And the portrait of *Cinq-Mars*, the dashing cavalier, the fearless hero, though, possibly, somewhat too highly colored, is withal, fascinating, while as for De Thou, his friend, it would be impossible to conceive truer, nobler attributes than those embodied in this estimate and presentation of his character. M. De Vigny draws faithfully. He sometimes diverges from absolute historic fact, at least his history is often fitted to dramatic necessity, but this he defends and apologizes for in an ably written preface entitled "Thoughts on Truth in Art." This preface is in itself a piece of philosophic, æsthetic criticism of exceeding value. Mr. Hazlitt's few words of Alfred De Vigny's life are very pleasing. His criticism and summary of the poet's masterpiece, "Eloa" are simply, yet attractively set forth and, in fact, the entire foreword is as interesting as are some of the best passages in the story of "Cinq Mars." The volume, handsomely bound and illustrated, containing, also, valuable historic references and foot notes, bears the imprint of Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, Mass.

"Sunday Reading," under the imprint of E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York, is a

compilation of short stories, by various authors, of adventure and travel, allegories and fables and entertainingly told Bible stories. It is beautifully illustrated and will not only prove a source of delight to the little ones on Sundays, but week days as well.

Mr. Peter Newell's "Mother Goose's Menagerie" is filled with quaint conceits in a sort of modernization of the myths of the famous "melodies." Two little people *Tim* and *Tilly* are taken by Mother Goose, into her menagerie where are congregated all the animals with whom we have been so long acquainted. Red Ridinghood's wolf talks very pleasantly and gives a wholly justificatory version of his conduct with relation to that young lady. Then Miss Muffet's spider, the five little pigs, the four and twenty black birds, Mother Hubbard's dog and a number of others of our earliest imaginary acquaintances are introduced, and when the end is reached it must be a spiritless sort of a youngster who will not cry for more. The volume is illustrated with many bright-colored pictures. (Noyes, Platt & Company, publishers, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.50.)

"Findelkind," by Ouida, is one of the most interesting child's stories ever presented to juvenile readers. *Findelkind*, a delicate boy of nine years, having heard a story of his namesake who lived five hundred years before the *Findelkind* of the narrative, broods over the heroic character until he finally resolves that he must imitate him and go forth and do as great works. It might almost be said that Ouida has made her little hero a sort of child "Don Quixote." Of course the book exhibits many of Ouida's "views" with her usual strenuousness, but nevertheless it is a pleasant little story and Ouida's "views," if extreme, are not altogether to be condemned as "crankeries." Even older folk will find the narrative filled with a regularly effective power and that the writer knows something of the child heart and mind. (L. C. Page & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Price, 50 cents.)

THE GREAT DEAD OF 1901.

The year just closed was quite as notable as any of its recent predecessors in the loss of those who have been conspicuous in their various departments of labor and have made their names widely known. The political world has lost William McKinley, murdered during his Presidency, by the assassin Czolgosz, at the Pan-American exhibition; Benjamin Harrison, the eminent lawyer and ex-President; William H. Evarts, also a great lawyer and ex-Secretary of State; Prince von Hohenlohe, the German ex-Chancellor; Francesco Crispi, the ex-Premier of Italy; and Li Hung Chang, the smartest and sanest of his time in China. Among the rulers of the world Queen Victoria, of Great Britain, has passed away, likewise the Dowager Empress Frederick, Abdur Rahman Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, and Milan, the dissolute ex-King of Servia.

The world of literature and the arts has suffered severely. Among the prominent writers who have passed away are: John Fiske, the historian; Charlotte M. Yonge, and Sir Walter Besant, novelists; Robert

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W. Buchanan, the British poet; William Ellery Channing of the famous Concord group of writers; Maurice Thompson, the story writer and essayist; and Ignatius Donnelly, the romancer and Baconian cipher inventor. Music has lost Verdi, the last of the old school Italian opera composers; Benoit, who was the chief representative of the Flemish school of composition; Sir John Stainer, the organist and author of the best dictionary of musical terms yet produced; Franz Rummel, the pianist; Alfred Piatti, the 'cellist; and Audran, the French light opera composer. In art, France loses Jean Cazin, one of the greatest painters; England, Kate Greenaway, the delightful illustrator; and the United States, James McD. Hart and Edward Moran, two of the

best representatives of the old school of painting.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

They asked the visiting Englishwoman what she thought of New York.

"I think it will be charming—when it is finished," said the Englishwoman.—*New York Evening Sun*.

Mamie—She is trying to keep her marriage a secret.

Maud—How do you know?
"She told me so."—*Baltimore World*.

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WORDS FROM MAYOR WELLS.

The following paragraphs are clipped from a department of "Thoughts That Occur," in the St. Louis *Furniture News*, for January, signed "Carlos Good:"

"The Caledonian Society gave its Golden Jubilee banquet on the evening of November 30. Among the many eloquent speeches the most notable was the one made by Mayor Rolla Wells. And what made it the more remarkable, in this wealth-worshipping age, is the fact that the men whom he condemned so unreservedly, and so deservedly, are, from a financial viewpoint, in the same class with himself. His speech was the utterance of a brave, honest man and a faithful public official. Here is a brief extract from his address:

"I am not a very old man, but I remember, not longer than thirty years ago, that such a thing as corruption was never heard of or hinted at in connection with the public affairs of this city. Can we say as much to-day? And if we cannot, who is responsible? Is it the men who occupy what might be called the lower strata of society? No; they are not to blame. It is men who occupy stone-front houses, who have had every advantage in life, who pay their respective pew rents in their respective places of worship. I say that it is time the people of this city should arouse themselves and place those high-toned citizens in that place in society where they should be placed. I am possibly speaking too feelingly to-night, but my fellow-citizens have recently placed on me a great responsibility, and I need the assistance of this community to fulfill my pledge. I have reached the conclusion that the place to begin the reform is on top, and not at the bottom."

"The meaning of this speech is plain and easily understood. It means that were there no bribe-givers, there would be no bribe-takers. It means that the bribe-givers, being wealthy, educated, church-going men, 'who have had every advantage in life,' are the men to blame for the corruption heretofore existing in our municipal legislature and the general conduct of our municipal affairs, rather than the bribe-taker, who is usually comparatively poor and uneducated—who has not had the 'advantages in life' possessed by his millionaire partner in corrupt practice. It means that if we would get to the bottom, the origin, of bad legislation, we must go to the top of society's tree. It means that so long as we permit the bribe-giver to go unpunished, just so long will unworthy men seek public office for the sake of securing the spoils that fall to the lot of the bribe-taker. In addition to its strong condemnation of the bribe-giver, the speech was also a powerful indictment of the people who are ever ready to 'crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning,' and who look up with awed admiration to the millionaire corruptionist while they vote his tools into office.

"For several days after this speech was made, I watched the editorial columns of the leading daily papers of the city, fully expecting to see commendatory notices of the highest character. But, much to my surprise, not a 'commend' met my eyes. What a commentary upon the 'great educators,' the 'leaders of thought' of the people of a city like St. Louis! How plainly it showed the counting-room influence in the editorial sanctum! Papers which have given him strong support in his efforts to

secure honest officials, and economy in the conduct of the city's business, had not one word of praise to bestow when he traced corruption to its fountain head and placed the blame where it rightfully belongs. While as news purveyors for the people, neither was willing to be 'scooped' by the others, they were compelled to refer to the speech in their reports of the banquet, published in their news columns, their editorial pages were shrouded in funeral silence. In thunderous tones they hurl their anathemas at the heads of the poor, dishonest bribe-takers, but the grave is not more silent than they when reference is made to the rich, dishonest bribe-givers; the millionaire, church-going corruptionists who purchase public franchises from legislators instead of from their owners, the people, and then proceed to use the power, so dishonestly obtained, to lord it over the latter with a high hand; to rob them, if they see fit, in order that dividends may be declared upon a capital composed of one part money and two parts water."



THE STRONG COLONIAL.

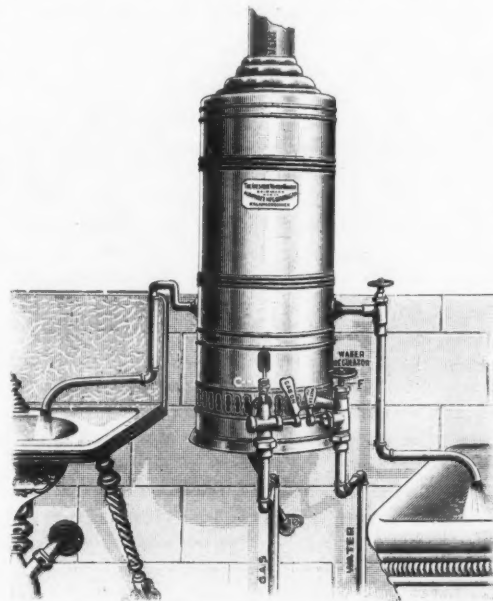
The Colonial Trust Company, a new financial institution bidding for public favor, is located in the Colonial Trust Building, formerly the American Central Building, on Broadway and Locust streets, the entrance of which will be, temporarily, at 419 Locust street. The company's capital stock amounts to \$1,500,000, while the surplus is of an equal amount. The company commenced the reception of deposits and accounts on Monday, January 6th. Interest is paid on daily balances, time certificates and on saving accounts. The latter department will remain open on Mondays until 7:30 p. m. Mr. Clark H. Sampson, one of the most prominent of St. Louis' business men in all kinds of enterprises manifesting the finer sort of public spirit, is president, and Mr. L. S. Mitchell, an efficient co-worker, is secretary. That this company is founded upon a solid basis will not be questioned by the most conservative after having glanced at the roster of directors:

Clark H. Sampson, Pres. Colonial Trust Co.; Isaac Schwab, 1st Vice Pres., Pres. Schwab Clothing Co.; Paul A. Fusz, 2d Vice Pres., Pres. Granite-Bimetallic Con. Min. Co.; Edward S. Lewis, 3d Vice Pres., 2d V. P. Hargadine-McKittrick D. G. Co.; Edgar D. Tilton, 4th Vice Pres., Sec. E. O. Stanard Milling Co.; Thomas W. Crouch, capitalist; Sidney M. Phelan, Pres. American Credit Indemnity Co., of New York; Alexander Douglas, Vice Pres. Frisco Railway; William A. Stickney, Pres. Wm. A. Stickney Cigar Co.; Henry F. Langenberg, Langenberg Bros. & Co.; William B. Thompson, Attorney at Law; George A. Baker, Pres. Continental Nat. Bank; Gus V. Brecht, Pres. Gus V. Brecht Butcher Supply Co.; Douglas G. Cook, Pres. American Wine Co.; Adolph L. Drey, Pres. Drey & Kahn Glass Co.; Frederick D. Gardner, Pres. St. Louis Coflin Co.; Frederick C. Lake, Sec. & Treas. B. Nugent & Bro.; Chas Lemp, Treas. Lemp Brewing Co.; John Nickerson, 2d, Vice Pres. Nat. Bank of Commerce; Charles P. O'Fallon, capitalist; Edward L. Preetorius, Treas. *Westliche Post*; James E. Smith, 2d Vice Pres. Simmons Hardware Co.; William H. Walker, Vice Pres. Ely-Walker Dry Goods Co.



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THE DINNER WRAP.

Mrs. Roosevelt, acting in concert with the ladies of the Cabinet, has designed a new dinner wrap which is described as follows:

Material—Satin brocade, liberty silk, crepe de chine or taffeta.

Lining—Soft, quilted silk, fleece or satin.

Trimming—Lace, ostrich feathers, marabout, chiffon, ermine, jet or steel.

Collar—Cut low and ruffled with lace or chiffon.

Shape—Dolman effect cut in at the back, with very loose sleeves to the elbow.

Length—Midway between the waist and knees.

Mrs. Roosevelt's idea of a dinner coat is heartily indorsed and prominent New York women are enthusiastic in declaring their willingness to follow the leadership of the wife of the President. Recently the statement was made that Mrs. Roosevelt was sure that she could dress on \$300 a year. As a leader of fashion it may become necessary for the wife of the President to revise her estimate.—*Dallas Beau Monde*.



Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.



Mrs. Jones: "Mrs. Robinson is the greatest woman to stick to a fad I ever saw."

Mrs. Brown: "Why, I never heard anybody mention that before."

"Can't help that. It's so all the same. Just see how she has gone on admiring that husband of hers these twenty years and more."—*Boston Transcript*.

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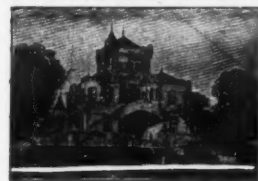
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26TH YEAR OPENS SEPT. 23, 1901.

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NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS

The History of Sir Richard Calmady, Lucas Malet, \$1.20; Forty Modern Fables, Geo. Ade, \$1.20; Marietta, a Maid of Venice, F. Marion Crawford, \$1.20; Up and Down the Sands of Gold, Mary Devereux, \$1.20; Warwick of the Knobs, John U. Lloyd, \$1.20; Sign of the Prophet, James B. Naylor, \$1.20. Also, a full line of paper novels and magazines. Subscriptions taken for all magazines at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive street.

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THEATRICALS.

IRVING AND TERRY.

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry opened their engagement, in this city, Monday evening, with "The Merchant of Venice," to the finest kind of an audience. The audience was well pleased.

With due deference to popular opinion I must say that Sir Henry's *Shylock* and Miss Terry's *Portia* leave me cold. I do not think the *Shylock*, in this presentation, is much of a Jew. He is too much more an Englishman than anything else. The role lacks that peculiar quality of crawling malevolence which you apprehend from a reading of the play. Sir Henry makes him malevolent enough, but too strenuous. The part has too much vigor all the time, and not enough of the febrile flavor. It lacks, too, a certain shrillness, as of feminine hysteria, that should be found in an old man stirred by such excited passion. Melodramatic Sir Henry certainly is. He likes color, and he likes it laid on with a trowel. Melodramatics and colorfulness are not anachronistic in the Oriental character, yet the Irving *Shylock* is overdone in this regard. The Jew is made too repellant in everything, when, in point of fact, so far as he reveals himself at all, there is much to admire in the Merchant. He is not wholly base. His love of his daughter, his pride of race and intensity of religious feeling, his splendid hatred of those who have persecuted him, his memories of his wife—all these are things that lift him immeasurably above the mere blood-thirsty miser, not much better than *Gaspard* in the "Chimes of Normandy." *Shylock* is not contemptible, not causelessly cruel, not altogether unjustified in demanding the letter of

his bond. He is not concerned to slay or torture his debtor personally, so much as he is to have the law upon him as a representative of all the Jew's persecutors in Venice. It happens that the debtor is a good man, but blind is he who cannot see behind the honest merchant in distress, the horde of those who have called the Jew unbeliever, cut-throat, dog, and spat upon his ghaberdine. To me it seemed as if Sir Henry's acting gave to *Shylock* a malignity as entirely motiveless as that of *Iago*. Nevertheless, how much soever one may feel that Sir Henry does not exactly comprehend the higher value of the Jew, above his one mad passion of opportunity, for revenge upon his revilers there is no disputing the Irving genius. It is the genius of elaborate method. It is training, the result of care. The character revelation is built up piece by piece of stage business, and wrought out with deliberate self-possession. I cannot conceive of Sir Henry as ever being "carried away" by the emotion of this, or any other part. Essentially, insularly, almost stolidly British is the actor-knight. He reads his lines with almost the precision of the teaching elocutionist. You see, or you fancy you can see, his effects coming. You anticipate their arrival and you find yourself admiring not the thought or feeling or action itself, but the way in which it is done. There is no surprise in his effects. He does not reveal to you new shades of meaning in the lines, but you catch yourself wondering by what process of reasoning Sir Henry came to believe in this or that individual and apparently erratic emphasis. Sir Henry is not lost in his role, not the least little bit. The role, at times, is wholly lost in him. Yet who shall say, in spite of such deficiencies, that he is not the greatest of living actors? He is terribly mannered, tremendously personalized in all his work, but he is the master of the multitudinous small details that mass into the big, compelling characterization.

Of Miss Terry's *Portia* gallantry demands words of praise, yet they may be given only perfunctorily. She is not great in the part. There is no greatness in the part except the speaker's youth and beauty harmonizing with the beauty of the lines in the famous trial scene. So easy 'tis, too, to make those lines tawdry. Not quite sure am I that Miss Terry gave those lines their proper effect. "The quality of mercy is not strained, etc." How often we have heard the great speech, and how seldom without a sense that the person uttering it was indulging in mere declamation! Too often the speech degenerates into the merest sentimentality. Miss Terry saved us from that, at least. Yet, examining one's critical conscience, one must remark that she took the speech somewhat as the typical English woman takes the stride of her morning "constitutional." But why pursue this unto hypercriticism? Miss Terry shows, as Sir Henry Irving shows, rather more art than heart.

The supporting company is, as Henry Jones might say, "of an excellence."

MOLLY PITCHER.

They have got a strenuous melodrama at the Century Theater this week. It is based on the Molly Pitcher episode of the Revolutionary War, and written by Glen MacDonough. The play has the name of the heroine for title, and is, taken as a whole, sufficiently well constructed to please the average audience. It will probably last longer, as a theatrical drawing-card, than

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some of the historical trash we have been regaled with in the past few seasons.

The plot is fairly interesting, although, at times, too suggestive of artificiality and improbability. *Molly Pitcher*, a country-girl from Carlisle, Pa., is with relatives in Philadelphia. There is a strong loyalist sentiment in the Quaker City. The family *Molly* visits is divided in its affections; the father is a loyalist; one of the daughters is in love with a British officer and, therefore, also adhering to King George's cause, while the second daughter is a rebel and has bestowed her heart's treasures upon a young fellow who is being captured by the British while trying to join Washington's army. *Molly Pitcher* is, of course, an unqualified rebel, but, at the same time, in love with an American, who is serving as an officer in the British army. He afterwards, however, casts his lot with his countrymen and becomes a soldier in the Continental army.

Then there is the villainous woman, with the dark, flashing eyes, who is possessed of the green-eyed monster, and intends to get even with *Molly's* lover. There are all sorts of intrigues, some hair-breadth escapes and duels with sword and poker. There is also a smashing of windows, an uprising in the prison where rebels are confined by the British, and then, an escape of everybody to the army of patriots, after *Molly* and her lover have found out what the trouble is that makes their yearning hearts beat so fast. Then there is the battle-scene at Monmouth, with its hair-raising incidents. *Molly* fires a cannon while the battle rages, assuming the place of her wounded lover. In history she serves for her husband. Well, the British get licked, of course.

The lovers return to Philadelphia. *Molly* gets a captain's commission from General Washington. The other girls are also meeting with the coveted success in their *affaires d'amour*; the villains are downed and all ends happily.

The heroine's part is taken by Kathryn Kidder, and, in spite of some peculiar affectations, well rendered. Olive Oliver gives an interesting impersonation of the British actress, and suits the part well. Edward O'Connor, as *Andy*, enlivens things with his dry, Irish humor. Lester Loneragan is a little too theatrical as *Capt. Carrington*. The remaining members of the cast are well up to the average and do all that is expected.

There are some flaws in costuming and scenic effects, but one must not be too critical. The battle-scene is not quite up to expectations, in spite of lots of noise and yelling, but the gallery enjoys it hugely. And then there is the prison episode, which is probably the best in the whole show, probably because it is less melodramatic than could be expected under the circumstances.

The \$100 diamond solitaire rings we have just mounted in our own factory, where only expert designers and diamond setters are employed, are by far the best value ever offered. Mermod & Jaccard, Broadway and Locust.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

E. M. Holland, excellent actor, will be seen at the Century, beginning Monday, January 13th, in a dramatization of Irving Bacheller's popular novel, "Eben Holden." All the humor of Uncle Eben in the book is said to be retained in Mr. Holland's impersonation of that character. The scenic effects are reported especially effective and pretty. Among other prominent actors in the cast are: Lucille Flaven, Kate Denin-Wilson, Kenyon Bishop, Annie Watson, May Lambert, William Harris, Earle Ryder, John Frederick Cook, Jay Wilson, Leo Hardman, Sidney Prior, Richard Nesmith and Louis Payne.

E. H. Sothern, in his new production, "If I Were King," is announced at the Olympic, for one week, beginning January 13th. Mr. Sothern made a decided success in the leading role in New York, as pronounced, in fact, as in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Sothern is supported by a strong company; among some of its members are Messrs. George Wilson, Arthur R. Lawrence, John Findlay, Norman Connors, Henry J. Carvill, Sydney C. Mather, Rowland Buckstone, Hebert Ayling, Fred. A. Thomson, William J. Sorelle, Frederic Lotto, Malcolm Bradley, George C. Raye, J. J. Ryan, William Park, B. B. Belcher, Charles Vane, Francis Powell, Charles Redmund, Misses Cecilia Loftus, Fanny I. Burt, Suzanne Sheldon, Clara Blandick, Charlotte Deane, Helen Logan, Rachel Crown, Margaret Corcoran, Norma Hobson and others.

The Dewey Extravaganza Company, at the Standard, this week, is playing to large audiences. The girls are all very pretty and exceptionally well drilled. Mitchell and Cain, comedians, are good. The Millettes, acrobats, perform some very skillful feats, and Ford and Dot West do clever singing and dancing. The entire company takes part in the lively closing act "Expansion." Next attraction, "Merry Maidens."

Skating at the Ice Palace still continues to be the most popular of amusements. The crowds that gather nightly to participate in this healthful sport attest that fact beyond dispute. All visitors are welcome. The palace is on the northwest corner of Channing and Cook avenues.

QUITE PREPARED.

Politeness, it is true, must have its origin in a kind heart and a desire to please, but tact and thoughtfulness and quick wit are also essential to good manners.

A very stout hostess who was entertaining a large company one evening, turned to a group of young men standing near her chair and smilingly asked:

"May I trouble one of you young gentlemen for a glass of water from the pitcher on the table?"

Several of the young men hurried to comply with the request. One, who was particularly active, succeeded in reaching the table first.

As he handed the glass of water to the hostess she complimented him on his quickness.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said. "I am used to it. I got into many a circus and menagerie, when I was a boy, by carrying water for the elephant."—*Youth's Companion*.

To Those Who Do Not Know

Let us tell of the most successful
reduction sale of Fine apparel
our city has ever seen.

New, fashionable and trust-
worthy apparel—the kinds you
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Sale Closes Saturday
Night, Jan. 13th.

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THE "BOY CORPS" AT NEWMARKET.

The cadets of the Virginia Military Institute took part in the engagement between the Federals under Gen. Sigel and the Confederates under Gen. Breckenridge, at New Market, Va. on the 15th of May, 1864. Out of 257 the cadets lost 50 killed and wounded.

They were younger than Methuseleh, but not so meek as Moses,

While Samson had more muscle far, before he lost his hair; And the bearded lady in the "show" could make them blush like roses By asking leave to stroke their chins, which still were smooth and fair.

The Old Guard of Napoleon's day and Washington's Defenders

Knew rather more of bivouacs, of marching and of gore;

But the Boy Corps of Lexington proved they were no pretenders

By tackling doughty Sigel in the spring of sixty-four.

They talked of War, but thought of Home, the night before the battle,

And the lovely girls at Staunton who had kissed them on the way;

But bowed their youthful heads in awe, and hushed their boyish prattle

When Stonewall Jackson's one-armed friend, Frank Preston, rose to pray.

Though they had read a dozen times of Balaklava's glory,

A fly was in the ointment, for had some not struggled back?

But, then, they liked Thermopylae, with one to tell the story;

And even he had better died upon the battle-rack!

So, when the fateful day had dawned o'er Massanutten mountain,

There were no sick, none would stand guard, the ranks were full and dressed;

Each eye shone like a paladin's while calm as crystal fountain

The Shenandoah gliding fair a peaceful landscape blessed.

Two hundred and sixty ragged boys—how eager, yet how steady—

On centre dressed, with guides advanced, as if on dress parade—

They charged across the tender wheat, for death or glory ready;

But left behind them red bouquets, not of exotics made!

They'd started in the second line, behind the old campaigners,

But Woodbridge* and their cream white flag soon led e'en Early's Vets:

Who, trudging sturdily behind, passed by some nerve-arraigners

In children's faces stark amid the crimsoned violets!

Ere yet they reached the guns they paused—just paused, no need to rally—

Then met the red-hot hail of hell that scorched their bloody track!

They won! And though all were not killed, till Sigel left the Valley,

No lad of that intrepid Corps thought once of turning back!

*Sergeant Major Woodbridge, at the command "Forward, Guide Centre," placed himself 40 paces in front of the colors, as directing guide, and led the charge till ordered back. The flag was cream-white silk with coat of arms of Virginia in gold in the centre.

They'd called them "Bye-o-Baby Boys"—they, they the young Crusaders,

With Richard Coeur de Leon hearts, fit for the battle's van;

But when they'd won the victory the Veterans turned "evaders"

And on such cruel "owned" that each might yet become a Man!

John P. Arthur, Class '71.

DEFIANCE.

Out of the night that covers me, Black as the Pit, from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of Circumstance I have not winced, nor cried aloud; Under the bludgeonings of Chance My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and fears, Looms but the horror of the Shade, And yet the coming of the years Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the Gate, How charged with punishment the Scroll;

I am the Master of my Fate, I am the Captain of my Soul.

William Ernest Henley.

MUSIC.

WEIL AT THE ODEON.

Weil's band gave the best concert in the history of this organization, at the Odeon, Sunday afternoon.

Popular, light and larger selections alternated on the programme and, judging by the applause, the audience enjoyed them all. "Lohengrin" and "Florodora" were received with the same enthusiasm, and every number had to be repeated. Mrs. May Estelle Harker contributed a brilliant rendition of the "Polonaise" from "Mignon."

The band concerts are to be continued for ten weeks, and Mr. Weil at each concert will have the assistance of a well known vocalist. Mr. Milton B. Griffith, tenor, will sing next Sunday.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

Two piano-forte recitals by Josef Hofmann will be given at the Odeon next week. We have not heard the young pianist since his "infant phenomenon" days and he certainly promised then to be an almost miraculous player. Whether he has fulfilled the promise of his boyhood days we shall find out next Thursday evening. Hofmann's recitals have been immensely successful in the East, and the two programmes to be given here include the numbers which proved to be the most popular. At the first concert he will play the "Sonata Appassionata" of Beethoven, two popular Schubert pieces, a Chopin group including the popular third "Ballade," Liszt, Schumann and Moszkowski numbers, and end with the Liszt transcription of the "Tannhauser" overture. At the second recital, to be given Saturday afternoon, he will play some of his own compositions, more Chopin, a Weber Sonata, Mendelssohn, Saint Saens and end with some Liszt pyrotechnics.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

The Second Version of Edward FitzGerald's Translations from Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Messrs. Van Vechten & Ellis beg to announce the issue at The Philosopher Press, which is in Wausau, Wisconsin, at The Sign of the Green Pine Tree, of a quarto edition of FitzGerald's Second Version of Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, on L. L. Brown handmade paper, pages 9 1/2 x 12, bordered with an old Persian design, with antique types, printed anopistograph and bound in antique boards, boxed. Price, Five Dollars. They would be glad to send a copy for you to see, upon request, and will pay return charges if you do not care to purchase it.

VAN VECHTEN & ELLIS, Wausau, Wisconsin.

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ROEDER'S BOOK STORE, 307 NORTH FOURTH ST.

HER INTUITION.

"I contend that a woman can tell a gentleman by intuition," said the Girl with the Brown Eyes the other evening, critically examining the toasted side of a marsh-mallow. The light glowed warm and luxuriant in the grate and it made the man feel half way sorry he was a bachelor.

"I don't know about that," said he. "I've heard of women making a mistake on that proposition."

The Girl with the Brown Eyes tasted the bonbon to see if it was done. Then she settled her pretty, graceful figure in the big easy chair. The Man watched the fine face of the Girl opposite him as the firelight flickered and crackled and sent a glow over her countenance.

"Well, I'll tell you my experience with two men," the Girl with the Brown Eyes continued. "A few summers ago I went to Washington to visit some friends, and I went over the B. & O. railroad from Cincinnati. My attention was attracted by two men on the train. Both were good looking, but that was not what especially attracted me. I noticed them because both seemed to be interested in me. One tried to flirt with me and the other didn't. The one who did not flirt occupied the berth opposite mine. When I went into breakfast he sat opposite me. Every time I looked at him he was watching me. He was well dressed and well looking, but, mind you, he didn't attempt to speak to me. Later in the morning I went into the observation car and there he was again. Of course we didn't speak—there was no reason why we should. Finally I went back to my seat in the sleeper and sat down to read. Soon the man who didn't try to flirt came along and deliberately sat himself down by me. As he did so he asked if he might and I said, 'Certainly.'"

The Man sitting opposite the Girl with the Brown Eyes stirred uneasily in his chair. "You astonish me," he remarked.

She ignored the interruption and proceeded. "He said as he sat down that I reminded him of a friend of his."

The man on the other side of the grate gave a sarcastic chuckle as he moved his chair back a few inches. "And you let yourself be caught by that old chestnut?" he remarked.

The Girl made no reply but went on. "He glanced at the book I was reading and said it was one of his favorite stories. I was reading the 'Romany of the Snow,' by Gilbert Parker. Well, the result was that I found him to be a very pleasant man, well read and educated. He was a Washington lawyer and married. I had a pleasant ride of several hundred miles with him and I hope he got as much pleasure out of it as I did."

"Now, let me ask you one question," said the Man, drawing his chair a few inches nearer the Girl: "By what singular process of reasoning could a modest, refined and educated girl persuade herself to let a strange man make her acquaintance like that? Will you answer that?"

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"Because he was a gentleman," was the somewhat illogical reply of the Girl with the Brown Eyes.

"But suppose the flirtatious man had approached you in the same way," said the Man on the other side of the grate.

"Oh, that horrid thing!" she exclaimed with a sort of shudder. "Well, I'd have given him a decided frost." The Man stirred the fire, but made no comment.—Indianapolis Journal.

TWO THINGS.

Life is mostly froth and bubble; Two things stand like stone: Kindness in another's trouble, Courage in your own.

—E. B.

Biggs: "I want to give you a piece of good advice."

Diggs: "All right; but first let me give you a piece."

"Well, what is it?"

"Follow the good advice you are going to give me."—Chicago News.

JUDGE LYNCH.

There is in the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an interesting article by Thomas Walker Page, on "The Real Judge Lynch"—the man whose name has been given to the briefest, the speediest, and sometimes the most iniquitous of all codes of justice, Lynch law.

Charles Lynch was born in 1736, at Chestnut Hill, his father's estate, in Virginia, near the ferry across the James river, where his older brother afterwards founded Lynchburg. It is a matter of tradition that one of his ancestors, mayor of an Irish city, was hasty in the exercise of authority and hanged his own son; and that Lynch law took its name from his methods. It is also said that the phrase rose out of the summary action of his brother, John Lynch, of Lynchburg; but Mr. Page seems to make it clear that Charles Lynch, the Quaker soldier, in meting out mild punishment at a great crisis, became ever afterward identified with that fierce, violent and illegal punishment of crime, wherein popular passion overrides the law.

His father had run away from his home in Galway, Ireland, come to Virginia as a "redemptioneer," in 1725, and sold himself to a planter in Caroline county named Clark. The young Irishman served out his term and then married Sarah Clark, his master's daughter, became a cotton planter and owned great tracts of land in Goochland and Brunswick, and along the valleys of the Rivanna, the Staunton and the upper James. In the division of the estate on the death of the father, the wilderness land fell to Charles, a young man with a young wife, and he settled on the Green Level of the Staunton about the time that General Braddock was setting out on his disastrous expedition. Not long after building a log homestead, he assisted in organizing a Quaker meeting and building a house of worship; and when the meeting had been broken up by Indians he invited the brethren to his own house, where he and his armed negroes could make a strong defense. He was a man held in high esteem and was often called in to arbitrate in disputes about land, cattle and labor, and usually his decisions were accepted; but in a case where the owners of two bears had arranged for a fight between the animals, for money, disagreed as to the result, and united against the umpire, he forgot his Quaker principles, gave way to Irish inclinations, and whipped the bear-owners into acquiescence. Mr. Page says: "When peace was made with the French and Indians, in 1763, and the number of settlers began rapidly to increase, Lynch's position as a leading man in the county was already established. Sagacity in the management of his large estate had brought him what his neighbors considered great wealth, chiefly in the form of tobacco, cattle and slaves. This large stake in the country, his unflagging zeal in promoting good government, his familiarity with the interests of the East, where he was a frequent visitor among his mother's kinfolk, and his high personal qualities, pointed him out as the logical representative of his county in the Colonial Assembly. Already, in 1764, it is said that he was asked to become a candidate, but he refused, on the ground that holding public office was inconsistent with his Quaker principles. But the excitement attending the discussion of the Stamp Act and the increasing gravity of the disagreement between the counties of the East and those of the West, caused him to see his duty in another light, and, in 1767, at the age of 31, he was elected to the House

of Burgesses, and held his seat till the colony became an independent State."

There was a sharp distinction between the people of Eastern and Western Virginia in race, religion, manners, and economic interests; and there was a constant struggle between the sections in the colonial legislature. The essayist says: "In the colonial period of this struggle Lynch's vote and influence were always cast in favor of the West. Although he was himself a tobacco planter and a slave-owner, he lived far enough beyond the head of navigation to appreciate the disadvantages of the Western farmer's situation. He knew also the possibilities of the country just across the mountain, and was convinced that the benefit of opening means of transportation would accrue, not to any one section, but to the whole colony. As a Quaker, furthermore, he was opposed to the Established Church, and as a sturdy pioneer to the aristocratic organization of Eastern society. He had great authority, but it was due to character, not eloquence, for he seldom spoke, and was in no wise fitted to shine in an assembly where there were many orators. In the Virginia convention of 1776, which instructed the Virginia delegates to the Continental Congress to support the policy of independence, Lynch was the leader of the members from the western part of Virginia; and it was their solid vote that carried the resolution in favor of severing all relations with England. The men of the Eastern counties were wealthy, conservative in the main, and more disposed, as a whole, to moderate action; and though the vote is given in the journal as unanimous, it is known that there was a strong minority opinion against the course taken. Mr. Page says: "This does not mean that the men of the lowlands were unwilling to resist English oppression—to resist it, if necessary, by force of arms; but they were opposed to breaking the political connection with the mother country, and they hoped that England could be brought to yield to the American demands without taking this step. There were some among them, however, who allied themselves on all points with the men of the West. The very man, indeed, who offered the resolution was no other than the aristocratic Nelson, of New York, who was afterwards himself a delegate to Congress, and a signer of the Declaration which he had advocated. So soon as it became obvious that Lynch and his Westerners, with these allies from the East, would have a majority in the convention, the cavalier party, appreciating the necessity of presenting a united front to the enemy, ceased their opposition, permitted the vote to appear as unanimous, and—to their credit be it said—stood loyally by the decision of the convention, and offered as much in money, in blood and in brains to the cause of liberty as any other section of the Union.

When the war of the Revolution began Lynch did not go into the army, but became justice of the peace in his own county, partly because he was needed there and partly because, as a Quaker, he preferred peaceful patriotism as long as it seemed possible. Nevertheless, he was made a colonel of militia, as it was understood that he was ready to fight, if need be. He organized the county regiment, accumulated stores, and, when Cornwallis, in 1780, moved on Virginia from the South to co-operate with General Philips and Benedict Arnold, who had invaded the eastern part of the State, he made ready to march. At that juncture the Bedford county Tories entered

into a conspiracy, which was betrayed to Colonel Lynch, and he seized the leaders, some of the most prominent men of the county being among them. Their aim was to overturn the local authority and capture the stores intended for Green's army in North Carolina. He brought them to summary trial, and, strange to say, did not inflict the capital punishment usually associated with his name. They were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one to five years; and the chief among them, Robert Cowan, was fined £20,000—not by any means so large a sum as it looks, because rum and brandy were selling at £40 a gallon, corn and oats at £2 8s a gallon, and a dinner at an inn was worth £4.10s. It is the irony of fate to have a Quaker's name pass down to posterity in "Lynch law," for so moderate a punishment in so good a cause.

Lynch's example was followed, however, in various other counties of the State, and probably the Tories met with rougher treatment elsewhere. The Legislature afterwards passed an indemnity act as follows: "Whereas divers evil-disposed persons, in the year 1780, formed a conspiracy and did actually attempt to levy war against the commonwealth, and it is represented to the present general assembly . . . that Charles Lynch and other faithful citizens, aided by detachments of volunteers from different parts of the State, did by timely and effectual measures suppress such conspiracy, and whereas the measures taken for that purpose may not be strictly warranted by law although justifiable from the imminence of the danger. Be it therefore enacted that the said Charles Lynch and all other persons whatsoever concerned in suppressing the said conspiracy, or in advising, issuing,



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"If the double-breasted ready-made suit was single you'd take it, and 'if' the cutaway suit was a sack some other fellow would take it.

We've always your size, because we make the suit to fit the man. The ready-made clothier must make the man fit the suit. That's why a MacCarthy-Evans' customer is a satisfied customer—and a well-dressed man.

Suits, \$25 to \$50—made for you.

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DYE AND CLEANING WORKS
Dry and Chemical Cleaning.
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or executing any orders or measures taken for that purpose, stand indemnified and exonerated of and from all pains, penalties, prosecutions, actions, suits, and damages on account thereof, and that if any indictment, prosecution, action or suit shall be laid or brought against him or any of them for any act or thing done therein, the defendant or defendants may plead in bar and give this act in evidence."

Lynch marched with his regiment against Arnold, afterwards joined Greene, in North Carolina, in time to take part in the battle of Guilford Court House, remained with him until the surrender of Cornwallis, and then returned to arts of peace. In tracing the name of "Lynch law," it may be well to add, that whoever gave it this name did not originate the thing itself. That is as old as humanity; and it may be traced even in our proverbial phrases. For instance, the Scotch speak of "Jedwood justice, hang a man first and try him afterwards."—*Rochester Post Express.*

A SOCIETY CATECHISM.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

Do you see that?
I do see that.
What is it?
A lady.
What is a lady?
A woman by a different name.
How?
All ladies are women, but all women are not ladies.
Um—who is this lady?
She is a society person.
What is that?
A person who is in society.
What is society?
An aggregation of individuals, each possessing the necessary requisites for an equality of association.
What are the requisites?
Money.
Nothing but money?
Well, it would be absolutely impossible without it, which means the same thing.
How are the candidates admitted?
By common consent.
Immediately on application?
Oh, no; it takes time.
Are candidates placed on probation?
No; they work their way into the sacred circle by degrees.
Are there set forms to be followed?
Not at all. Sometimes they get in one way; sometimes another.
For instance?
Well, by way of London or Washington, the American headquarters of diplomats, who are past masters and professional society persons, or by marriage, or by contributions of personal effort or by large checks to charitable causes, or by waiting until their children become of the chosen.
It is not then entirely by the merit system?
Hardly.
Is membership permanent?
As long as the money holds out society holds on.
What of bad behavior?
Judiciously conducted, it adds piquancy to the peccadillo and interest to the individual.
Is it always judiciously conducted?
Some of the more daring have characterized their acts by a certain swagger which has given a title to their set.
And society dearly loves a title?
It does.
Do they not fear public opinion?
They are quite indifferent to it.

Indeed?

Why not? Society is a strictly private and exclusive organization and cannot be amenable to public criticism.

I don't quite understand that.

And you won't until you are in it.

With all the advantages of wealth, are not society persons quite superior beings?

In their own estimation.

Not in that of others?

Wait till you have met and tried to talk to a few of the glittering exemplars of the real thing in society.

What's the matter with them?

Heaven only knows, and it won't tell.

Are they all alike?

Oh, no; some of our highest and best types of men and women are in it, but, you know a needle hasn't much of a show in a haystack.

How about a little leaven leavening the whole lump?

Oh, well, there are lumps and lumps, don't you know.

Don't the "glittering exemplars" want to be different?

Yes—different from anybody else, and they are.

I see, I see. They make figures of themselves?

There is a harsher term, but let it go at that.

Are society persons happy?

When they are on top of the heap.

How do they spend their time?

As they spend their money.

How is that?

Trying to be happy.

You mean trying to keep on top.

Mostly.

How old is society?

Not so old as the grandfathers of most of its devotees.

Who created it?

The Lord God Almighty.

You don't mean it?

I do, and man organized it and made it what it is.

Which accounts for a good many things?

Yes.

Thanks.

Don't mention it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

LINCOLN TRUST COMPANY.

St. Louis is noted the country over for the solidity of its great financial institutions, and though trust companies are on the increase, the older establishments retain all their old time prestige, strength and capacity for large and varied money transactions. Among these may especially be noticed the Lincoln Trust Company's firm hold on public favor. The statement of its condition at the close of the year 1901 is quite a remarkable showing. Its resources foot up the nice sum of \$8,293,008 50, its capital stock is \$2,000,000.00; undivided profits, \$92,262.29, with deposits of over \$4,000,000.00. During the past year this company has added largely to the number of its safe deposit boxes and vaults, and this department of its business is constantly growing in popularity, especially with the ladies, for whom it has provided a window for their exclusive use, where courteous attendants wait upon them and give those unaccustomed to the business the information that makes it a pleasurable transaction. The Lincoln Trust Company is located at Seventh and Chestnut Sts.

"Miss Frocks has bought a birdless hat," said Mrs. Cumso. "It might be called an Audubonnet, might it not?" asked Mrs. Cawker.—*Judge.*

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK

Dewey Extravaganza Company.

NEXT WEEK

Merry Maidens.

Choral Symphony Society. OLYMPIC

ODEON, Thursday, Jan. 9.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

SOLOIST,

FRITZ KREISLER, Violinist.

Tickets on sale at Bollman's. Parquet, \$1.50; Balcony, first two rows, \$1.00; and 75c for other balcony seats.

A PHENOMENAL ACHIEVEMENT

OF AN AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

The officer in charge of the Brewery's Revenue Department, upon expressing his New Year's congratulations to Mr. Adolphus Busch, President of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, submitted to him a carefully compiled statement of the brewery's last year's output, showing the enormous sale of 1,006,495 barrels of beer, which netted the Government an income of \$1,801,818.

Considering that, in the birthplace of King Gambrinus, Austria and Bavaria, there are breweries which have been in existence for centuries and some even in this country which have been established more than a hundred years, whose output does not reach one-half of the above figure, the achievement is most remarkable, especially so since this record was made in less than thirty-five years and under the sole and continuous management of its present President.

The thin flexible card is the latest fashion in calling cards. 100 calling cards and finely engraved plate for \$1.50—100 cards from your own plate for \$1.00. All orders executed in our own factory by expert engravers and printers. Mermod & Jaccard's Broadway and Locust.

SUPERFINE.

They were speaking of a man whose name is known to society in general and to the play-going women in particular. His personality and his pictured presentments are matters of vital interest and curiosity to the matinee girl.

"I've heard that he is so gentle and amiable, is it so?" inquired a girl of the six-footer, who had the honor of the celebrity's acquaintance.

"And his pictures look so sweet and sad," broke in another girl. "He's awfully refined isn't he?"

"Worse than that," said the six-footer with a grin and a twinkle in his eye. "He's positively convent bred."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Mr. Chas A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

THIS WEEK
Evenings at 8:15 except
Thursday. Thursday
at 8 sharp.

Henry Irving,
MISS ELLEN TERRY,
NANCE OLDFIELD
and THE BELLS.

Thursday,
WATERLOO and
MME. SANS-GENE.

Friday,
Nance Oldfield and
Lyons Mail.

Saturday Matinee,
Merchant of Venice.
Sat. Night, LOUIS XI.

NEXT MONDAY.

MR.
E. H. Sothorn
IN
"IF I
WERE
KING."

Reserved Seats on sale
Thursday a. m., at 9.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

Kathryn
Kidder

IN

MOLLY
PITCHER.

Wednesday Popular
Matinee, 25c and 50c.
Regular Matinee,
Saturday.

NEXT MONDAY

Charles
Frohman

Presents
The Laughing Play of
the year,

"Eben
Holden,"

E. E. Rose's Drama-
tization of
Irving Bachellers'
great novel.
Reserved Seats on sale
Thursday.

ODEON AT 8 O'CLOCK SHARP

BURTON HOLMES

LECTURES

MOSCOW AND COUNT
TOLSTOI
SATURDAY JAN. 11.

Siberia - - - - Jan. 14
Peking - - - - Jan. 24
Korea - - - - Jan. 25
Course Tickets, \$2.50, \$1.50 and \$1.00.
Single Tickets, 75c, 50c and 25c.
At Bollman Bros., 1100 Olive St.

Ice Palace

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FOURTH SEASON
IS NOW OPEN

Finest Skating in America.
Music by Bromley's Band.
Admission, 25 cents.

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS.

THAT'S ALL.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF THE—
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY
At the Close of Business December 31, 1901.
RESOURCES.

Demand loans on col-	
lateral	\$9,469,324.88
Time loans on collat-	
eral	2,904,330.50
Loans on real estate ..	1,169,646.45
St. Louis city bonds at par ..	\$13,543,301.83
Other bonds and stocks at not over	695,100.00
par	7,700,154.70
Real Estate	229,000.00
Cash and Exchange	3,869,774.71
Overdrafts	1,748.17
Individual debits on general books ..	846.48
Accrued interest on demand loans ..	13,428.85
Safe deposit vault	72,000.00
	\$26,125,354.74

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus	3,500,000.00
Undivided profits	802,546.05
Reserve for re-insurance of liability as surety on outstanding bonds ..	36,990.33
Reserve for interest on savings deposits, payable June 10, 1902 ..	13,000.00
Reserve for taxes	6,500.00
Reserve account subscription to stock of St. Louis World's Fair ..	9,500.00
Dividends unpaid	90,837.50
Time deposits	\$11,061,411.43
Demand deposits	7,004,569.43
	18,665,980.86
	\$26,125,354.74

Dividends amounting to \$315,000.00 have been paid out of the profits of the past year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The bulls are not quite satisfied with the market's action. They say "it does not act well." There is something the matter, it seems, but nobody knows what it is, that is to say, nobody who is not on the warm side of the cliques in Wall street. There are a few stocks that are remarkably strong and move up sharply from time to time, but the leading stocks are sluggish. They go up two or three points and then fall back again. There is generous selling, whenever the market shows strength. In spite of this, however, the bears are not very active; they appear to be resting on their oars and awaiting developments. Every other day, there are rumors that the extensive short interest will be driven in, but, so far, nothing has been done in that direction, and the impression is now growing that the short interest is a myth and dangled before the inexperienced speculator's eyes as a bait. It remains to be seen whether this old trick will work again.

It is certainly a queer-looking market. The cliques are doing their best to bring more life into the situation, and, if nothing untoward happens, they will undoubtedly meet with success. Stocks are well concentrated; the public is not burdened to any special extent, and this being the case, prices should go higher, according to Wall street axioms. But, then, there is the everlasting fear of higher money-rates and gold exports, and of the approach of the time when the corn-crop shortage will be seriously reflected in railroad revenues. The leading railroad lines complain of a car-shortage and of rate-cutting at the same time. If they have such an immense volume of traffic, what is the use of cutting rates? Somebody is lying, undoubtedly, and that will be found out before a great while.

There has been quite a rise in United States Steel Co. shares, both preferred and common selling at the highest prices recorded for months past. The movement was, of course, due entirely to manipulation of a very clever character, and based, apparently, on optimistic anticipations regarding the quarterly statement of earnings of the billion dollar trust. The iron and steel industry is, as is well known, in a prosperous condition at the present time, and it is promised that prosperity will continue for an

indefinite length of time. But, then, they promised us the same thing about copper, and we all know how they fooled the suckers. Iron is either king or pauper, said Carnegie sometime ago, and he knows what he is talking about. Royal times are still with us, but no one can tell how far the pauper-times are off. They may be within hailing distance at this writing. At any rate, there is too much water in United States Steel shares to attract cautious buyers. There is too much stock to go around, and somebody is too anxious to sell at higher prices. It is predicted that the preferred will cross 100 and the common 50, and Wall street is dispensing the usual rumors of "substantial buying by representative interests."

Union Pacific common is water-logged. There is no "snap" to the stock, yet its friends recommend purchases, perhaps on general principles. The stock has not gone up any since last October, and, therefore, should be bought; it is entitled to an advance. That is about the only bull argument that the stock is favored with at present, it seems. So far as the February dividend is concerned, it is generally agreed that there will be no increase, and that the regular semi-annual rate of 2 per cent will be paid. As a 4 per cent stock, Union Pacific common cannot be regarded as cheap at 104. Insiders are perhaps waiting for the accumulation of a sufficiently big short interest to make an up-turn profitable and successful.

St. Louis and San Francisco common crossed 60 in the last few days, on what is called "good Western buying." It is believed that the top has not yet been seen. Missouri Pacific, Atchison, Texas & Pacific, Wabash, Cotton Belt and Missouri, Kansas & T. issues remain in status quo. They move in an irregular and rather disappointing manner. Insiders are, however, claimed to have been large buyers of late in Missouri Pacific and Texas & Pacific. Missouri Pacific is selling ex the semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent. Friends of Atchison common advise its purchase, and predict that it will soon sell in the 90s. There is a good demand for Colorado Southern first and second preferred. The first preferred is selling at the highest prices ever reached by it; it is on a 3 per cent basis. The company is earning more than sufficient to pay the full 4 per cent on the first pre-

ferred. As is well known the company is now under Gould control.

Southern Railway and Louisville & Nashville issues are quiet. There is no buying movement in them to speak of. The directors of the L. & N. will soon meet to declare the regular 2½ per cent semi-annual dividend on the stock. In some quarters it is believed that an extra dividend of ½ per cent will be paid, but the action of the stock does not bear this out. As a safe 5 per cent stock, L. & N. is attractive at current prices and should, indeed, be worth more. Southern preferred will undoubtedly be placed on a full 5 per cent basis in March, and it is in anticipation of this that the stock is strong at 94.

Reading and Erie are a little lower, after experiencing another sharp bulge. Erie

common rose to 44½ and Reading common to 59, on large transactions. Reading common thus made a new top, while Erie came within ¾ of the high level of last summer. Erie first and second preferred also made very gratifying gains. Delaware & Hudson and Delaware, L. & Western rose sharply on various indefinite rumors. The last-named sold at the highest prices ever recorded. Delaware & Hudson is still looked upon as a good purchase; 200 is freely predicted for it.

Amalgamated Copper is steady at 70¾. There seems to be quiet buying on every moderate decline. It is believed that the lowest prices have been seen and that the stock will gradually work higher. Some improvement in the copper trade is expected, owing to curtailed production and the sharp

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

Capital, - - \$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Profits, 925,402.20

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WHITAKER & COMPANY,

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BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

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St. Louis Stock Exchange,
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We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

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Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102½-103
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104-105
" 3½	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	111-112
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" 3½	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-105
" Sur'g. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104-106
" 4	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	104-106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104-105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105-106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	105½-106½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	60-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	95-100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	106½-106½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108½-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115½-116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 6s	1930	112½-113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117-119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	94-94½
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-100
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	92½-93
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	91-92
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-92
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104-105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	305-307
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 5½ SA	221-223
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1901 6 SA	265-270
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	260-263
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p.c. SA	302½-305
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	289-295
German Savings	100	Jan. 1901, 6 SA	333-338
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1901, 20 SA	725-800
International	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	155-163
Jefferson	100	Jan. 01, 4 p.c. SA	185-195
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1901, 4 SA	525-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 qy	265-268
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	241-245
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1901, 4 SA	160-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Dec. 1901, 2½ qy	228-230
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	120-123
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	135-138
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1901, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901 8 SA	200-209
Triad National	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	239½-240½

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Colonial	100	Forming	228-229
Lincoln	100	Sept. '01, 1½ qy	285-287
Miss. Va.	100	Dec. '01, 2½ qy	441-445
St. Louis	100	Dec. '01, 2 qy	339-342
Title Trust	100	Dec. '01, 1½ qy	145-148
Union	100	Nov. '01, 4	378-380
Mercantile	100	Jan. '01, 1, Mo.	415-416
Missouri Trust	100		168-169
Ger. Trust Co.	100		211-212

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109-108½
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100-100
St. L. & E. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103-107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102-103
do Baden-St. L. 5s		90-95
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115½-115½
do Merimac Rv. 6s		1914
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
Southern 1st 6s	F. & A.	1909 106-108
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1916 107-108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
U. D. 25s 6s	Oct. '01 1½	86-86½
United Ry's Pfd.	J. & J.	87½-90½
" 4 p.c. 50s		33-34
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent	100	July 1901, 4 SA	242-245

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Sept. 1900 1½	19-20
" Pfd.	100	Oct. 1901 ½	48-50
Am. Car-Pdry Co	100	Oct. 1901 ½	30-31
" Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	87-88
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150-160
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO	128-133
Consol. Coal	100	July, 1901 1	18-19
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO	128-130
Granite Bi-Metal	100		280-285
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	85-90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '89, 1	43-50
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3½	112-115
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1901 2 p.c.	90-93
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2½	102-105
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		51-54
Mo. Edison com.	100		17-19
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1½ qy	100-101
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '01 qy 2 p.c.	97-101
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar., 1901 6 A	178-175
Simmons do pfd.	100	Aug. 1901, 3½ SA	139-142
Simmons do 2 pfd.	100	Oct. 1901 4 S.A.	140-147
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Sept. 1901 1½ qy	19-21½
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 2 p.c.	46-48½
St. L. Brew. Com.	10	Jan., '99 4 p.c.	41-43
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	5-25
St. L. Exposit'n.	100	Dec., '86, 2	1½-2
St. L. Transfer Co.	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	72-75
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135-145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	220-240
Westhaus Brake	50	June 1901, 7½	175-180
" Coupler		Consolidated	51-51½

cut in prices. No further cut in the price of the metal is looked for. The low prices, and a better feeling in Europe, are expected to diminish the stock on hand in the course of time. Among conservative people there is no disposition to recommend purchases of copper, or any other balloon stocks, but the gambling fraternity is outspoken in its belief that Amalgamated is a good proposition on the long side of the account.

Money rates are a little lower, but the danger of gold exports is still with us. About \$1,100,000 has been shipped since last Saturday, and more is expected to go. The bank statement to be issued next Saturday will probably be very favorable, owing to the continued return of currency from the interior.

Some attention should be paid to the late collapse of the Everett-Moore syndicate, the Asphalt Trust and the Crude Rubber Co. These three concerns failed, because they were unable to obtain loans urgently required and also because of the growing suspicion among investors about the soundness of industrial stocks. The collapse has caused some anxiety, but the big fellows in Wall street will not allow it to create any alarm at this time; they will do everything to keep the surface of things smooth.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Local bulls found their work somewhat difficult in the past week. For some reason or other holders wanted to sell. This could be noticed in nearly every stock quoted on the list. There were a few steady features but these failed to rally the wavering bull forces and to induce a revival of the buying craze. Sentiment is, however, still hopeful. After the present weak spell is over prices are expected to move up again with the old-time vim. Whether this optimism is justified remains to be seen. Prices are pretty high and there is plenty of stock to go round. The more this is realized, the better it will be for everybody. Sentiment and high-strung expectations alone are not sufficient to sustain values upon an inflated basis.

St. Louis Transit, owing to threatened municipal legislation, weakened considerably; the stock is now selling at about 32½. United Railways preferred is quoted at 86, and the 4 per cent bonds are steady at 90.

Missouri Trust, Mississippi Valley, Mercantile, Lincoln, Colonial and Title Guaranty are all lower. Colonial was quite an active feature, dropping and rallying in quick succession. There seemed to be good selling on every advance. Missouri declined to 171, and Lincoln is 285 bid, 287 asked. Bank stocks are also lower in quotations, but there have been very few transactions.

There is a little demand for odd stocks, such as Westinghouse Automatic Coupler and a few obscure mining stock. Granite is fluctuating narrowly, with demand limited. The bulls are still trying to lift it up, but have a hard row to hoe.

Bank clearances are still up to the record level. Money is in good demand. Sterling is stronger and quoted at 4.87½.

The grand total of local stock exchange transactions, for the year 1901, amounts to \$35,400,000. Stock sales aggregated a little over \$32,600,000. Stock exchange seats are now selling at \$5,000. Some brokers say there are people willing to pay \$6,000.

He: "When did she begin to fear that he had married her for money?" She: "Well, I believe her suspicions were first aroused when she had to pay the minister."

WHY MR. TESLA KNOWS.

A woman who had the good luck to be seated next to Nikola Tesla at a dinner the other evening was struck by the wide and comprehensive range of knowledge he displayed in the course of the conversation. From mentioning, incidentally, that his father spoke twenty-one languages, he passed on from one subject to another, each widely different, but with all he was equally intimate. The woman at last, in sheer admiration, turned to him and remarked: "How very much you know, Mr. Tesla! I had rather expected to find you a man of one idea, but instead of that you know something of everything. You are more conversant with more topics than any person I ever met."

"I have to be," returned Mr. Tesla, naively; "I simply have to be in order to keep up with those college girls that I meet dining out. They're conversant with everything, you know; to be able to keep up his end of the conversation with one of them a man must be more or less of a walking encyclopædia. Why, only the other evening I took a college girl out to dinner—the prettiest kind of a girl—and no sooner had we seated ourselves than she began talking about Herbert Spencer and what he said about something or other on page 14 of his 'First Principles'—if that's its name. She knew all about it, but it was more than I did. I began a course in Herbert Spencer the next day so as to be ready for the next college girl I met, but she very likely will discourse upon Ibsen or Maeterlinck. Oh, no" (with a sigh); "it would never do for me to be a man of one idea—I must keep myself posted upon everything that's going or I wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance with these bright college girls."

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

"Yes," said the Fairy Prince, "you may have whatever you want for a Christmas present."

"I will choose," said the Fortunate Person, "either a wife or an automobile."

"How foolish!" exclaimed the Fairy Prince. "Why do you not select something that you can manage?"—*Baltimore American.*

Turn Over a New Leaf.

Begin the new year right by opening an account in our savings department. The deposit of one dollar, or more, secures a pass book. Interest at 3% per annum credited first days June and December.

Regulations on Application.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. Cor. 4th and Pine Sts.

A WIDOWER'S DIARY.

BY S. E. KISER.

Oct. 20—Met Miss Farnsworth at the Addison's last night. Margaret died a year ago last Tuesday.

Oct. 28—Saw Miss Farnsworth in church Sunday, but she did not seem to recognize me. She was there with a lady I took to be her mother.

Nov. 3—Met Miss Farnsworth on the street to-day. She bowed and smiled. Ah, my poor, motherless little ones. I sometimes fear that the woman I have hired to act as housekeeper here is not as patient with them as she ought to be.

Nov. 14—Was at the Addison's again last night. Miss Farnsworth happened to come in. She and Kittie Addison became friends at school. Miss Farnsworth seems to be an unusually sensible girl. She has none of the giddiness one might expect in one of her age. I should call her interesting rather than beautiful. Still, she has a fine figure and her features are good. I should feel that I was wronging Margaret if I became interested in any woman now, except, perhaps, for the purpose of bringing a new mother here to our dear little ones.

Nov. 20—Met Miss Farnsworth at the Addison's. We had a delightful little chat between ourselves while Kittie was called out for something. Miss Farnsworth's eyes filled with tears when I spoke about the fear I have that sometimes my poor, motherless little ones are not kindly treated. Ah, luckless babes! It would break my heart if I found that they were abused, and I know that dear Margaret could not rest in her grave if the poor little darlings that she had to leave were ill-treated.

Nov. 23—Walked home from the Addison's with Miss Farnsworth last night. She asked about the dear little ones, and I have promised to give her their pictures. Ah, if they could have her for a mother! She is so gentle, so free from petty traits, so kind. I know that Margaret would be glad to have her dear ones placed in the care of such a guardian. I am invited to call on Miss Farnsworth. I shall do so soon.

Nov. 28—Called on Miss Farnsworth last night. Her cousin—somebody she called Tom—was there. He lives in St. Paul and is a big, crude fellow, who ought to be a hostler. He called her "Lil" and pinched one of her soft, delicate cheeks until I could see the marks of his big, rough fingers. She has accepted an invitation to accompany me to the theater next Monday evening. Have bought tickets. Best seats the house had left. My poor, motherless little ones! Bertha says Mrs. Cravenshaw spoke very harshly to her this afternoon. She stepped on Arthur's toy war-ship yesterday, too, and smashed it. I am convinced that she did it purposely.

Dec. 4—Lillian and I were at the play last night. She kissed the pictures of little Bertha and Arthur when I gave them to her. We had supper before starting for home. Lillian asked me many things about Margaret and said it was too bad that she had to die so young, leaving our two little darlings to the mercy of hired people who could hardly be expected to have any real affection for them. I have been thinking—thinking—thinking—all day to-day.

Dec. 7—Called on Lillian last night. When I asked her to be my wife she said: "I have always declared that I would never marry a widower. But you are so different from what I supposed widowers were. Still,

I am afraid you want me, not so much for your wife as for a mother to your dear, sweet little ones."

Tears came into her beautiful eyes again as she spoke of them. Ah, Lillian, Lillian, my darling, why did you tell me I must wait for your answer? Mrs. Cravenshaw is becoming more and more cruel in her treatment of my poor, motherless little ones. I can't stand it. They must have a mother's care.

Dec. 8—Lillian has promised to be mine.

Jan. 2—Have arranged to send Arthur and Bertha to their Aunt Martha, in New Jersey. She has raised a family of her own, and I think possesses the experience necessary for bringing children up properly. Lillian is afraid she and the youngsters might not get along well together as she, dear girl, is little more than a child herself.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

TIME AND FEELING.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has rendered literature many a graceful service. These lines of his are worth remembering, now that we have just entered on the new year:

Time is
Too Slow for those who Wait
Too Swift for those who Fear,
Too Long for those who Grieve,
Too Short for those who Rejoice;
But for those who Love,
Time is
Eternity.

Returned Trooper: "Clara, you were engaged to me, and yet I hear that while I was at the front you went out often with that old admirer of yours, Bob Cudelsby."

Clara: "Oh, George, he was so thoughtful, and I was so anxious, that he took me every night to the—er—war office—to see—er—if you were killed!"—*London Answer.*

3rd. NATIONAL BANK OF ST. LOUIS.

OFFICERS:

C. H. HUTTIG, President.
W. B. WELLS, Vice-President.

G. W. GALBREATH, Cashier.
J. R. COOKE, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

GEO. T. CRAM.
H. F. KNIGHT.
THOMAS WRIGHT.

J. B. M. KEHLOR.
C. H. HUTTIG,
J. R. COOKE.

JOHN N. DRUMMOND.
EDWARD S. ORR.
W. B. WELLS.

JOHN S. DUNHAM.
G. W. GALBREATH.

Condensed Statement at Close of Business, December 10th, 1901.

Resources:		Liabilities:	
Loans and discounts.....	\$ 9,739,877.66	Capital.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
U. S. bonds and premiums.....	2,797,300.00	Surplus and undivided profits.....	1,133,290.40
Other stocks and bonds.....	1,222,032.42	Circulation.....	2,000,000.00
Banking house.....	200,000.00	Deposits.....	15,253,667.40
Other real estate.....	11,000.00		
Cash and sight exchange.....	6,416,747.72		
	\$20,386,957.80		\$20,386,957.80

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

LINCOLN TRUST COMPANY,

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS,

At the close of business December 31, 1901.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans.....	\$5,388,382.80	Capital Stock.....	\$2,000,000.00
Bonds and Stocks.....	1,896,101.00	Surplus.....	1,500,000.00
Real Estate.....	79,975.54	Undivided Profits.....	96,262.29
Individual Debits on General Books.....	2,705.64	Dividends Unpaid.....	60.00
Accrued Interest on Loans.....	74,130.12	Deposits.....	4,070,905.58
Safe Deposit Vault.....	34,000.00	Reserve for Interest.....	21,178.62
Overdrafts.....	771.24	Reserve for Premium.....	5,924.36
Cash on hand and in Bank.....	816,942.16	Mortgage Trust Bonds.....	\$92,500.00
		Miscellaneous Credits.....	6,177.65
Total.....	\$8,293,008.50	Total.....	\$8,293,008.50

CHAS. HAMILTON,
Secretary.

A. A. B. WOERHEIDE,
President.

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

In the teeth of the gale that hurls me back,
In the swirl of the ebb that sucks me down.
I—I, tide by tide and tack by tack,
Threading the Night where fanged rocks frown,
Ere the last spar fail, shall have somehow crawl'd
To that Port whence shone no light for me,
Where wrecked, if you will, but unappall'd,
I shall know I am stronger than my Seal
—Arthur J. Stringer, in *Bookman*.

The Patron: "Do you guarantee, satisfaction?" *The Artist:* "No madam; I paint likenesses."—*Indianapolis News.*

BEAVER LINE.



ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS
Between Montreal and Liverpool and
All European Ports.
Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes
Regular Weekly Sailings.
MAX SCHUBACH, General Southwestern Agent
110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,
A. J. CRAWFORD,
TENTH AND PINE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

IRVING'S "CHARLES I."

Few who saw the Irving-Terry combination in Wills' fine Jacobite play, "Charles I.—"and there were but a few who saw it, more's the pity—will fail to remember it with a pathetic interest. The play revealed what inroads time has made upon the vitality of the famous principals in the presentation.

Miss Terry as the Queen was—well she was unqueenly, half-hearted, weak in her lines, husky-voiced and almost pitiful in her inadequacy. She did not take a single situation, and the play offers several that would have given her opportunity to thrill. There is no need for harsh criticism. Time has done his work—that's all.

Sir Henry's *Charles Stuart* is a melancholy figure indeed. It lacks the blitheness of the Stuart heart. It is too much overshadowed with presage of gloom. There is none of youth in it, and, to be honest, little of royalty. The play deifies the King, and attributes gross venality to Cromwell, gives the King all the triumphs, all the fine lines. Alas, the actor is languid. He never gets far away from something upon which to lean. He is fragile. The fire burns low, and passion cannot stir it up into that splendid style the Stuart's had with all their faults. *Charles* was a weak brother, to be sure, but he was not such an one as Irving makes him.

There were but two good scenes in the play as presented—the first, that in which he reproaches "the vile Scot who sold his monarch for a groat." That Irving does with a most winsome grace, so gently, yet so bitterly broken-hearted, in the comparison of *Moray* with Judas. The other scene is the last of all. It is where *Charles*, kissing the Queen's miniature as he is being led out to the scaffold, pauses and then utters the one word "Remember." It is said so simply, so quietly, that it reaches the audience with intense dramatic effect of finality. Then the curtain.

The audience that sat through the play was respectful. It did not try to applaud more than twice. It was witnessing a tragedy not in the lines of the play. That is all.



THE KAISER'S CLOTHES.

In a recent letter from Berlin, William E. Curtis relates a good story on Kaiser William, which is new and could not be published in Germany without sending somebody to jail, as it relates to an incident which caused his majesty much mortification. As every one knows, the Kaiser has a large number and variety of costumes. "He is the honorary commander of a dozen different regiments in his own army, and as many more in the other armies of Europe," writes Mr. Curtis. "He holds several actual and honorary commissions in different fleets; belongs to numerous orders of military and civil distinction, and to other organizations which have regalias that must be worn on ceremonial occasions. Hence, when the 'War Lord' visits a foreign country, or is traveling about his own domains, he never knows what uniforms and regalias he may need, and therefore must carry a large amount of baggage. He has two complete outfits of everything, one of which is usually kept on the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* and the other in a baggage or wardrobe car, built especially for the purpose, and a part of his private railway train. This train was built after his own designs, and is very conveniently ar-

anged for a man of his habits. It is always kept ready for his use, because he never knows when he is going to start on a journey. Sometimes the railway officials have only a few moments' notice. They will receive notice by messenger or by telephone from the palace that the emperor will leave at once for a certain place, and are expected to have things ready by the time he reaches the station. As his majesty becomes very impatient when delayed, the railway officials always hustle, and seldom disappoint him. The master of the robes, assisted by several valets, has charge of the emperor's wardrobe, and when the train is in motion, can produce at an instant's notice any uniform or regalia in which he may desire to appear at the next station. If he happens to be passing through a garrison town, where one of his favorite regiments is stationed, it pleases them and it pleases him to greet the officers and men from the platform of his car in the same uniform they are wearing. If he crosses the border of another country, it is considered a compliment for him to dress in the uniform of the army or navy of that country. Hence it is important to have his wardrobe-car with him on all his journeys. Not long ago, however, while making a trip around the German boundaries, something happened to the trucks which made it necessary to cut the wardrobe-car out of the train. There was no time to make a change, and the master of the robes and the valets were commanded to transfer its contents to the most convenient car they could find and follow by the next train. By some complications, which have never been explained, much to the anxiety and anguish of the master of the robes and his assistants, the car in which the emperor's clothing had been placed was shunted on to a side-track, during the night, and, when they arrived at their destination they were horrified to find it missing. Nor could they get any trace of it. Messengers and telegrams were sent in every direction; the railroad system of Europe was turned bottom side up, but the car could not be found. The emperor had to wear borrowed plumage and make the best of it. Some days later, the collector of customs at the boundary reported to his superior officer that a car containing a lot of unmarked and unclaimed theatrical properties had arrived at the place, and asked for instructions. This solved the mystery. The Kaiser was glad to recover his fine garments, but did not enjoy having it described as theatrical properties, particularly when his intimate friends teased him about it."



ANCIENT SERUM THERAPY.

It is quite the fashion for medical men to felicitate themselves upon the recent extraordinary advances in the science of medicine, more especially in the domain of bacteriology and serum therapy. This conceit is not wholly reprehensible, for the profession is often given to melancholy introspection and a pessimistic realization of its shortcomings, so that a reasonable amount of self-glorification conduces to a healthy pride.

To find, then, that the very discoveries in which physicians have most reason to be pleased with themselves are by no means new, is unpleasantly surprising. In the *Denver Medical Times* Dr. Dow points out that the ideas involved in sero-therapy are of very ancient origin, and attest the truth of Solomon's saying that "There is nothing new under the sun." Dr. Dow cites Pro-

fessor Lambadarios, of Athens, as saying that King Mithridates of Greece, was the father of immunization and sero-therapy.

King Mithridates rendered himself immune to various poisons by taking them in small amounts repeatedly, and concocted an antidote made up of all the poisons known at that date. By adding to this antidote the blood of geese fed on vipers he took a step toward opotherapy. Dioscorides treated hydrophobia by having the subject drink the blood and eat the liver of the dog which had bitten him.

In an ancient Hindoo work entitled "Sacteya Grautham," the following remarkable description of vaccination occurs: "Take the liquid of the postules of the cow's teat or from the arm of a human being, between the shoulder and elbow; place it upon the point of a lancet and introduce it into the arm at the same place, mixing the fluid with the blood, the fever of Bhadvidee (variola) will be produced. This disease will be mild like the animal from which it is derived; it need not

cause fear and requires no remedies; the patient may be given the food he desires. The pustule is perfect when it is of good color, filled with a clear liquid and surrounded by a red circle.—*St. Louis Medical Review*.



A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands, and said to the farmer:

"That fellow ought to be chuck-full of work."

"He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to get none out of him."—*Success*.



Dick Sloboy (joyfully): "Great news! Guess!"

Cousin May: "I give up."

"Nellie has promised to marry me!"

"Pshaw! That's no news. She asked me a month ago if I would be her bridesmaid."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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A SIDE-LIGHT ON WAGNER.

During all his life the author of "Parsifal" was more or less financially embarrassed, and he would have fallen without the generous assistance of Liszt and King Ludwig II. While in his greatest financial stress he was very glad to sell to the theater of Stuttgart, for the paltry sum of fifty thalers per performance, the right of playing "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and the "Flying Dutchman." The price was ridiculous, in comparison with the rights exacted by other musical composers. Therefore when the "dilettanti" of Stuttgart wanted to get acquainted with "Tristan," Mr. Batz, the business manager of Wagner, tried to have the contract repealed and to obtain for his client the same advantages enjoyed by other musical composers, that is, ten per centum of the total earnings.

The superintendent of the royal theater at Stuttgart was at that time Mr. Gunzer, formerly Counsellor of Justice and Counsellor of State, wise administrator, eminent jurist, but absolutely ignorant of theatrical affairs, who never saw the inside of a theater previous to his appointment to the position of theatrical superintendent. Cutting expenses was his programme.

At the first words of Mr. Batz, Mr. Gunzer exclaimed with indignation: "What? Mr. Wagner sold me already three of his operas, and he intends to sell them again to me at a higher price? Tell Mr. Wagner that he can now write all the operas he wants: not one of them will ever be placed in Stuttgart."

Nevertheless the innovator succeeded in imposing himself upon his countrymen. All the cities in Germany were applauding "Tristan." At Stuttgart, as everywhere else, the critics and the "amateurs" were clamoring for the new *chef d'œuvre*. Mr. Gunzer remained obdurate. To those who were asking for the motive of his unaccountable resistance he answered: "How can I produce this new opera of Mr. Wagner? His operas are so long that it costs the theater all its profits in gas, and yet he wants me to give him one-tenth of the receipts!"

At that time, Mr. Lautenschlaeger, the chief machinist at Stuttgart, received from his colleague, at Munich, the following telegram: "Richard Wagner will arrive tomorrow; he wishes to go to the theatre; have two seats for him." Mr. Lautenschlaeger went at once to Mr. Gunzer, who, at the name of the composer, shouted with indignation: "That beats anything I have ever heard of! This man burns my gas, tries to sell me his operas twice, and he has the gall to ask me for free tickets!" The machinist, losing patience, bowed and left. The superintendent, however, called him back and, giving him two tickets, said: "All right; here are two orchestra seats; but I do this for you and not to be made fun of."

On the following day, the good-hearted machinist went to the Hotel Macquart, where the master had arrived, and delivered the two tickets. "Who gave them to you?" "The superintendent, Mr. Gunzer." "I am sorry for it," said Wagner; "I will be compelled to pay him a visit and I had no desire to see him. But I thank you all the same, Mr. Lautenschlaeger," he added, smiling.

Next morning, with the punctuality of a plenipotentiary fulfilling a duty of politeness, Richard Wagner presented himself at the residence of the superintendent. Hoping not to be received he had on hand his visiting card ready for the emergency. He was told,

however, that Mr. Gunzer was at home. He went in. Superintendent and musician saluted each other at first with great ceremony. Wagner, very courteous, praised the theater, the orchestra, the singers.

Mr. Gunzer, feeling at ease, thought that there was an opportunity to settle amicably the question of author's rights. "Oh! Mister Superintendent," interposed Wagner, "I never bother about these things; they concern my business manager." "Nevertheless you must know that I am asked to produce 'Tristan.' Tell me, Mr. Wagner, is it as long as your other operas?" "I am afraid it is." "Well, Mr. Wagner, let us agree on one thing. Your music costs me in gas a fabulous amount of money. Cut out some of it in each of your operas, say about half an hour. I produce 'Tristan' and I give you ten per cent of the whole receipts. With my savings on gas, I can do that for you."

And satisfied to have so squarely established his point, Mr. Gunzer confidently waited for a favorable answer when Wagner left his seat and, not without repressing a smile, said: "Sorry, Mr. Superintendent, but this matter cannot be adjusted. Not only I will cut nothing, but I am compelled to forbid you to suppress a single bar of music from any of my operas." "Ah! And why?" "I will tell you, Mr. Gunzer, I am a big stockholder of the gas company."

Then saluting, he left. Mr. Gunzer remained silent for a few seconds; then addressing his secretary, he said: "I wonder if this Mr. Wagner has not made fun of me."—*Frankfurter Kurier*.

VACCINATION IN THE HUB.

It was at a dinner party. The bright young man found himself privileged to sit next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. He thought himself the most favored personage in the room. Suddenly his fair companion exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his very best jokes, saved for a special occasion, passed by unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm. Apprehensively the young man gazed at her, and meeting the look she said:

"I am in misery."

"In misery?" echoed the man.

"Yes," she replied. "I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken beautifully. I could almost scream, it hurts so."

The young man looked at the beautiful arms, and, seeing no mark there, said:

"Why, where were you vaccinated?"

"In Boston," she replied, the smile chasing away the look of pain.—*Boston Journal*.

GENEROSITY.

A man from Dunedin once visited the town of Wellington. An Irish friend insisted upon the visitor staying at his house instead of at a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to the theaters and other amusements, paying all the cab fares, and the rest. When the visitor was returning to Dunedin, the Irishman saw him down to the steamer, and they went into the saloon to have a parting drink.

"What will you have?" asked the host, continuing his hospitality to the very last.

"Now, look here," said the man from Dunedin, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at yer hoose for a month an' payin' for a' the theaters an' cabs an' drinks—I tell ye I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—*The Scotsman*.

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THE POODLE.

A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Polly's mother was munching some bonbons Bobby Bliss had given her, as she arranged the orchids Bobby Bliss had sent her, in a tall iridescent vase Bobby Bliss had bought for her.

"This morning's lesson," said Polly's mother, in her melodious voice, "will be about 'The Poodle.'"

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried little Polly, delightedly.

"No, my child, by no means goody-goody!" said Polly's mother, reprovingly. "Quite on the contrary?"

Little Polly looked rather perplexed, but she sat down and curled up at her mother's feet and stared at that lady admiringly.

"The Poodle," began Polly's mother, "is quite an interesting little beast. It can be taught many pretty little tricks, and it is quite cute and amusing. If well trained it may be a very useful thing to have about the house. It can fetch and carry. It can growl and snarl when you want it to frighten away undesirable people. You can take it out with you, walking or driving—anywhere, in fact. Strings or chains are not necessary—after a little time. It is best, though, to use one in the beginning, or the Poodle may be lost or stolen, or it may follow somebody else. After a little while it will know you and will follow you wherever you go. It will follow you everywhere. It will always be at your heels or within whistling distance. My child, you need never be afraid of the Poodle. It is quite harmless. It may snap and snarl, but it never bites. Pat it and pet it, and it will love you. Occasionally it may be necessary to give it a little slap. Then it will crouch down and lick your hands. And, my child, feed it. Do not forget to feed the Poodle. Listen, and I will tell you how and when the Poodle should be fed. Hold a sweetmeat in the palm of your hand—so! The Poodle will see it, and will wag his tail and point his ears. Lower your hand—snatch it away. The Poodle will frisk about. He will bark. Hold the dainty morsel out to him again—snatch it away again. Hold it up out of the Poodle's reach. Do this again and again. It is fun, and the Poodle will become half-frantic. He will behave very ludicrously. He will leap and jump and yelp and whine. He will roll over, and tear about you like mad. Then you may let the Poodle have the sweetmeat. It really isn't so very sweet, but the Poodle will think so now. He will greedily gobble it up, and lick his chops and look up at you gratefully. He will want more. He will sit up and beg for more. But do not give it to him—just then. The next day will be time enough to repeat the performance. Do not overfeed the Poodle. It is not good for him—or for you. It will make him greedy and snappy. The Poodle will soon grow to expect, to want, to love his sweetmeat. Always play with him, though—tease him—for this dainty for which he clamors so; if you throw it at him, it will be received very differently. He will sniff about it. He may nibble a little of it, he may eat it all, but he often disdains it altogether. At any rate, it is not nearly so enjoyable as before. You cannot coax nor force a Poodle to eat. As I told you in the beginning, Poodles are quite interesting little beasts. And now, my child, run away and play. I want to look at these books and papers Mr. Bliss sent me, and to try over this music Mr. Bliss brought yesterday."

Town Topics.

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2²=Kiss and make up.

2÷1=An elopement or a divorce.

2+1=A crowd.

35=Coy and kittenish 27.

70+20=Marriage for money.

∞=How long they say they will love each other.

PROBLEMS.

1. Alonzo and Elfrida are at church together. Alonzo finds that he has only one \$5.00 gold piece and one copper cent. When the contribution box is passed, which piece of money will Alonzo put in the contribution box:

(a) Before marriage?

(b) After marriage?

2. With champagne @ \$2.00 a pint and ice cream soda @ 20c. a pint, which will Clifford advise Ernestine to imbibe after the theatre, he realizing that the former is de-

structive to the lining of the pocketbook, and the latter to the lining of the stomach?

3. The interest on pledges collected by a pawnbroker being 3% a month for the first three months, and 2% a month thereafter, and Algernon's watch having cost \$200.00 at the jeweler's, how much will the pawnbroker advance him to buy his fiancée a souvenir spoon?

Will the absence of his watch make Algernon early or late—

(a) In his calls?

(b) In his home-going?

4. The gross assets of Lycurgus, engaged to Sophronia, equal \$4.37. The gross assets of John, father to Sophronia, equal \$850,000. There are fifteen steps leading up to John's office. Lycurgus, being about to propose to him for his daughter's hand, it will occupy how much time—

(a) In ascending the steps?

(b) In descending them?

5. Gas selling at \$1.40 per thousand feet, and costing at the rate of 4c. per hour when

the jet is turned full on, how many feet will it require to keep the reception-room lighted—

(a) During the call of a fiancé?

(b) When a casual acquaintance is calling?

6. The factor of safety of the easy chair in Melissa's drawing-room is 8 when she is sitting in it alone. What is the factor of safety when Erastus is calling upon her?

7. Gideon is a bank clerk and courting his employer's daughter. His salary equals \$60.00 a month.

With violets @ \$5.00 per bunch,

Theater tickets @ \$2.00 per seat,

Hansom @ \$1.00 per hour,

And Gideon's hall bedroom and board @ \$10.00 per week, how much money will Gideon's landlady receive at the end of the month?—*Rupert Hughes, in New York Life.*

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